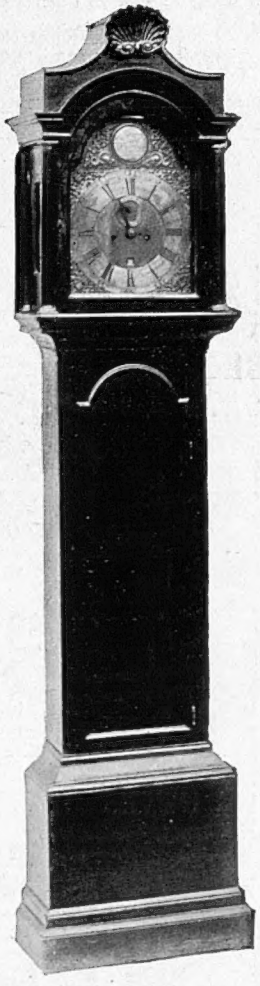

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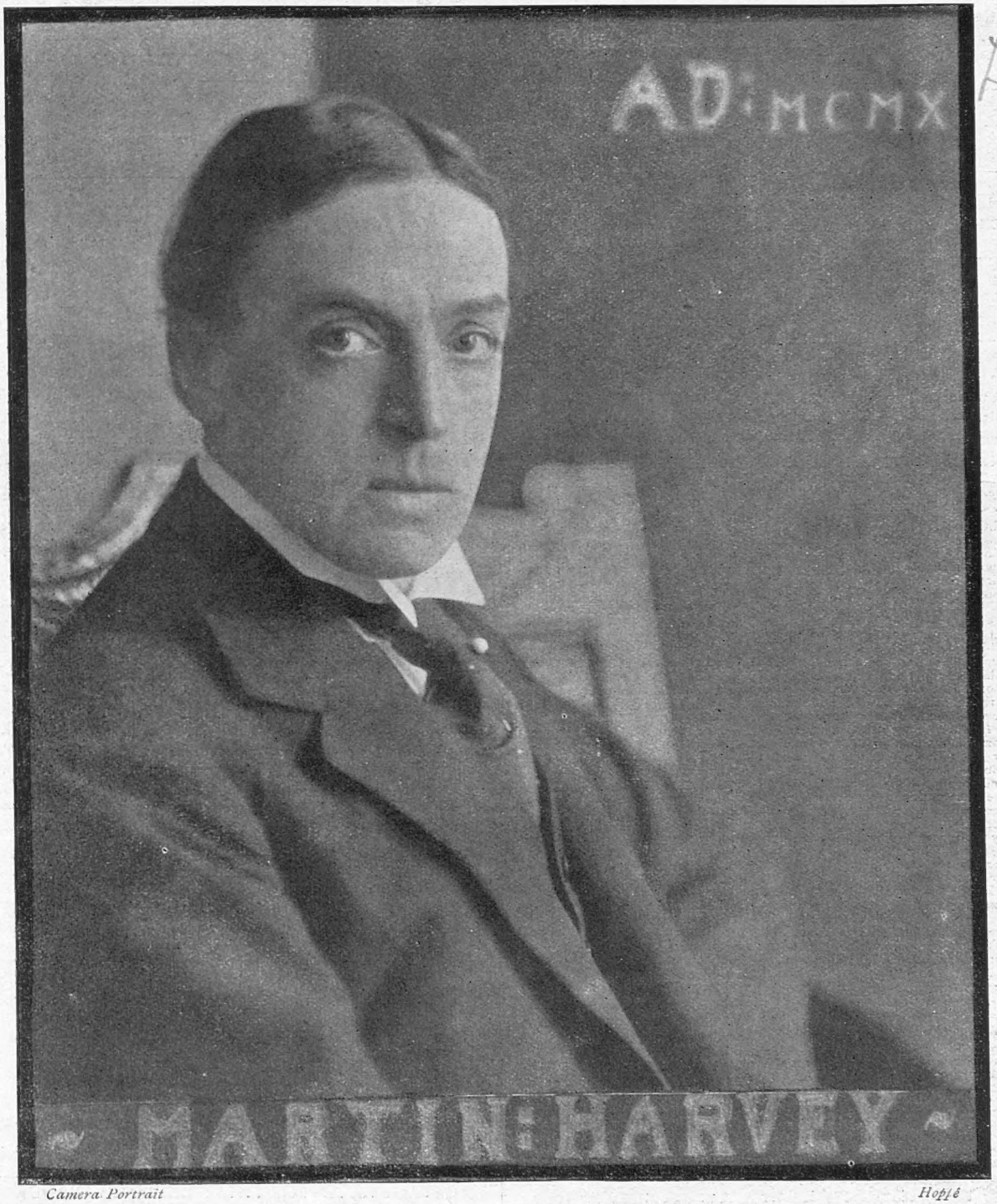

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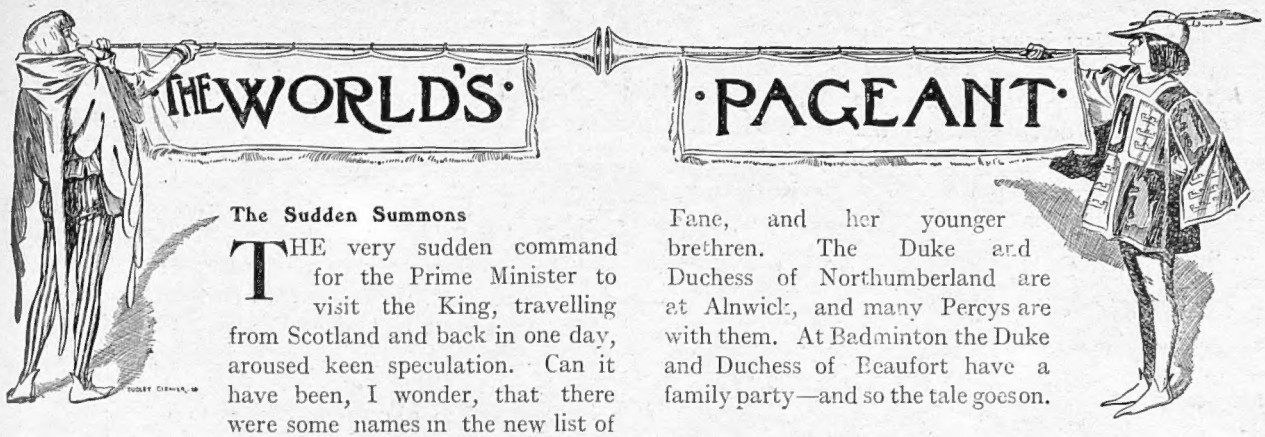


The Sudden Summons

THE very sudden command for the Prime Minister to visit the King, travelling from Scotland and back in one day, aroused keen speculation. Can it have been, I wonder, that there were some names in the new list of Veto Peers the spelling of which rather puzzled His Majesty? Or was it more serious? That the King, who showed his consideration for Ministers a month or two back by travelling personally to town to consult with them, would have given the Premier so unexpected a "command" without strong reason is most improbable.

A Canvassing Yarn

The usual electioneering stories are going the round. Some, no doubt, are true; others are told by "Benjamin Trovato." I am afraid the following story is one of Ben's efforts. It is said that Lady Hamilton, the Duke of Abercorn's daughter, was canvassing for her husband. At one small cottage the man of the house was absent, so Lady Hamilton said she was sorry not to find him at home, but would call again later. "May I ask your name?" said the man's wife. "Lady Hamilton," was the answer. "Then, out you get of my house," was the indignant reply. "I have heard all about your goings-on with Lord Nelson." Tableau.

H.R.H. The Duchess of Orleans

Who has been dangerously ill at Evesham, at Wood Norton. An operation was performed, but the doctors now pronounce her out of danger. The Duke of Orleans has received messages of sympathy from all over the world

Xmas in London

There is nothing much but Christmas-parties to chronicle this week. They are as numerous as ever, and somewhat to my surprise I find that quite a number of the best families are passing their Yuletide in London. The Duchess of Westminster has quite a family party at Eaton Hall, and many young people have been included in the gathering. Lord and Lady Crichton and the whole family are all staying at Eaton Hall.

Country Parties

At Blankney Hall Lord and Lady Londesborough have some members of their family staying with them, including Lord Westmorland, Lady Enid Fane, and her younger brethren. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland are at Alnwick, and many Percys are with them. At Badminton the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort have a family party—and so the tale goes on.

The Vivian Weddings

The coming month of January is to be one of weddings. They tell me—but I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the report—that Lord Linlithgow and Miss Doreen Milner will become one during the first month of the New Year. Lord Vivian will lead the beauteous Mrs. Adrian Rose to the altar on January 5, and then towards the end of the month the happy pair will have to fly back to Town, as Lord Vivian is to give the hand of his youngest sister, Miss Alexandra Vivian, in marriage to my Lord Worsley. This promises to be a fashionable wedding, and peers and peeresses in their best clothes will be present at the ceremony.

Grist for the Party Mill

The wicked are saying that coronets will soon be going at £10,000 each. This sounds rather cheap when one comes to think of the £100,000 that has been given for such an honour during the past few years. But, there, how uncharitable I am at this time of year when all is peace and happiness.

A Forecast

Among Christmas double numbers already in contemplation for 1911 must be mentioned Debrett—if, indeed, the forthcoming five hundred noblemen can be squeezed into a double number of my contemporary.

A Hot Time Coming

And so, dear peeresses, you are to wear crimson velvet kirtles, after all, at the Coronation. I know full well that many of you had indulged in vain visions of your being allowed to wear your ruby velvet robes suspended from the shoulders over ordinary full Court dress. But this will not be permitted. How you will feel after five hours' confinement in Westminster Abbey on a June day won't bear contemplation.

In View of the New Year

This issue appearing at Christmastide, it will be in bad taste to include in it the usual retrospect of the old year and forecast of the new. In a few days' time, however, the newspapers will give readers all they need in that direction, and we shall all be wallowing in the obvious comparisons between a year of mourning and a year of rejoicing. Obvious or not, there are few people who will not heave a deep sigh of relief when 1910 has shed its last teardrop. Apart from the national bereavement of May, it has been one of the worst weather-years in memory. Socially, it has been dull, partly because of the mourning, but also because of some subtle change that is coming over our ideas of amusement. Are we enjoying the old gaieties quite as much as of yore? Evidence of the eye tells me we are not. There is less delight in mere mingling, and people seem to vie with each other in running away, not with, but from, each other. Ours seems to be a Society in hiding. When we do mingle, we mob. We are either uncomfortable or invisible. Well spoke Mr. Asquith at Edinburgh when he reminded us of the need to preserve individuality. Socially speaking, that is a fast disappearing quality. We have subservience on the one hand, selfishness on the other. It is a sad age, my masters. May the new decade bring much needed gladness!

Photograph Lafayette

Lord Worsley

Eldest son of the Earl of Yarborough, who is engaged to the Hon. Alexandra Vivian

"Bystander" Stories

Next week, I shall publish a criticism by a reader on the subject of The Bystander short stories, and I hope to be able to ascertain, in some fashion, the extent to which this correspondent reflects the views of other supporters of the paper.

The Borkum Spies

The trial of our two naval officers for espionage in Germany has been watched in this country with the closest attention. It is not so very long ago that a similar case was tried here. Lieutenant Helm escaped with practically no more than a caution, and it is commonly agreed, both here and on the Continent, that the young man was most leniently treated. The Continental Press was enthusiastic in its admiration of the pains that were taken to do the prisoner justice. He had the best of advice, and the prosecution was conducted without the slightest vindictiveness. Now, Englishmen were very much on the alert to discover whether Captain Trench and Lieutenant Brandon got an equally fair trial, and we are inclined to regard the infliction of the minimum sentence as the least that Germany could have done in the cause of mutual goodwill.

Photograph Rita Martin

The Hon. Alexandra Vivian

Youngest daughter of Lady Vivian and sister of the present Lord Vivian, who is engaged to Lord Worsley

Etonians Line Up Before the Camera on Leaving Windsor for the Christmas Holidays

We refrain from describing the above as a joyous occasion, as it would affront the dignity of the schoolboy of to-day to suggest that he regards "breaking-up" for Christmas as anything else than a mere episode in a crowded life. Why he should be photographed doing it is probably as much of a puzzle to him as it will be to our readers

Cupid's Smallest Victim

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD BUT ONLY TWENTY-FIVE INCHES HIGH

Photograph *Mendelssohn*

MLLE. ANITA

Who is paying a visit to this country from Hungary to buy her trousseau. She is staying at the Savoy Hotel, and although twenty-five years old, she is remarkably small, being only twenty-five inches in height

Ten Thousand Head

Simply enormous bags were obtained by the shooting party that assembled at Marten Priory last week. On *one day*, not the best by any means, no fewer than 2,000 head of game were taken by ten guns, and the question arises, what on earth becomes of all this most tasty provender?

Quits Pro Tem

There is no need to say anything at all about the General Election. It is over, and politically we are as we were. Tory and Liberal are still "quits," and likely to remain so *until* that Home Rule Bill comes up. Then——. But it is Christmas, and we will wait and see.

The Aliens

Had that Houndsditch affair happened a month ago, what an Election cry it would have provided for the Opposition! "Down with the Alien! Protection for our Money and our Lives! No more Dumped Assassins!" With Fritz and Peter the Painter, the Unionists wouldn't have needed the Dollar Dictator at all, at all.

For Holt's Sake!

The extent to which the power of the Press is recognised nowadays is shown by the munificent enterprise of the Cunard Line in rushing the *Mauretania* to New York and back in twelve days in order to afford Mr. W. R. Holt, of the *Daily Mail*, an opportunity of seeing the United States without serious interruption of his home duties. Mr. Holt spent three most exciting days in America, and is now safely back again, and when he resumes his duties in the Commons lobby will, no doubt, be able to put the Premier up to a notion or two on the House of Lords proposition. He reports that the most memorable thing he saw was the stenographers "taking down" the prayers before Congress. Alas! at present, we are not advanced enough for that to be worth while at St. Stephen's. Prayers there are of a non-party character and hardly worth reporting. Still, one never knows. A Nonconformist — say the Rev. Silvester Horne, M.P.—may yet secure the chaplaincy.

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*

M. Georges Petit

As Pelléas in *Pelléas et Mélisande* at Covent Garden. He sang the music of Debussy's opera with great charm and in splendid voice, while he was also rare enough to look the part. He has sung the rôle of the Prophet in *Salomé* on the Continent

Very Welcome

Boxing Day this year sees the opening of the new Palladium, the largest place of entertainment in London, and a very artistic and ambitious programme is promised. I am glad there will be something, as well as the excellent Coliseum, for one to drop into of afternoons.

Concerning Our Latin

There have been one or two cracks in the *Looking Glass* lately. This newspaper has been criticising our Latinity. The title of the plate presented with our Christmas Number was "Facilis Descensus Averno." The editor of the *Looking Glass*, it seems, regards the spelling of the last word as incorrect, and proposes to send us a Latin Grammar. I am *so* grateful. But my gratitude is tinged with regret that Mr. W. F. de Wend Fenton was not alive when Virgil wrote the immortal phrase exactly as we quoted it. He might have tried to put Virgil right as well as THE BYSTANDER.

CHARITY FOOTBALL: CHURCH v. STAGE

Mr. C. Aubrey Smith Keeps Goal for the Stage with his Knobkerry

Mr. George Alexander Kicks Off

Mr. Rutland Barrington, the old Savoyard, as Linesman

Wanted, Some New Scares

IN PLACE OF THE OLD AND DISUSED ONES SHOWN BELOW

BOGEYS THAT HAVE FRIGHTENED US FROM 1900 TO 1910 INCLUSIVE

Only one of which (the Imperial one in the centre) seems now to retain any semblance of vitality

BY FRANK GILLETT

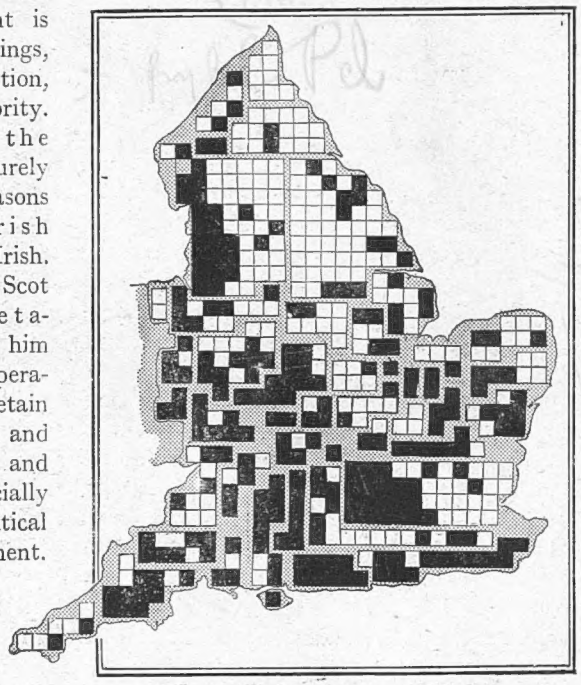
Shall England Submit to the Wrecking of her Constitution by Anti-English Votes?

AN APPEAL TO ENGLISHMEN ONLY. By DOWNWRITER

(With which the Editor Desires Entirely to Disassociate Himself)

I WRITE as an Englishman. I descend from a yeoman race, who, though they did not come over with the Conqueror, are suspected of having played an honourable part in the disposal of the remains of William Rufus. I won't bother you about pedigree details. As an Englishman, and proud of it, I write to ask whether my fellow-Englishmen realise for one moment exactly what is happening to England as a result of the late elections—that England, Sir, is to be ruled for five years by a coalition of alien and hostile tribes, two out of three of which have themselves been conquered by us.

The majority with which the present Government is going, among other things, to smash up the Constitution, is an un-English majority. The Scots support the Radicals for reasons purely Scotch, the Welsh for reasons purely Welsh, the Irish for reasons purely Irish. The Radicalism of the Scot is of a rugged, metaphysical kind, born in him and peculiar to his temperament, which he will retain to the crack of doom and eternally thereafter, and which has nothing specially to do with actual political questions of the moment. The Welshman is a Radical for religious and purely local reasons; while the Irishman supports the Radicals because, though by nature a Tory, he finds the Radicals readier to pretend they're willing to grant him what he pretends he wants.



How England Has Voted at the Elections

The black squares show Unionist and the white Liberal and Labour. Our contributor "Downwriter" (who speaks for himself) denounces above the threats to change the Constitution against the wishes of a preponderance of English constituencies, and by the votes of those whom he describes as "alien and hostile tribes"

Now, Sir, is England or is she not the predominant race of the United Kingdom? In population, in wealth, in everything, she is the "boss." Why should she bow herself before the decrees of her own vassals? Did we not conquer Wales and Ireland by the sword? Are their natives not dependent subject races? Scotland, it is true, joined us voluntarily, but knowing full well on which side her bread was buttered. So I cannot call her a vassal. But the principle is the same—Scotsmen are not Englishmen, and are, by temperament and tradition, anti-English. They are British certainly, but I am talking nationally and not Imperially. This Constitution of ours is an English affair first, and a British affair second. In any change in it, the voice of England is the first to be heard. The other partners in the concern are entitled to have their say, but they have no right to shout England down, and that is precisely what they are now doing.

I say that the time has come to raise the battle-cry, "England, a Nation!" In the elections England has returned a clear majority in favour of the English Constitution. Why should that Constitution be wiped away because Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, for reasons of their own, want it wiped away? Can you conceive Prussia, for instance, allowing *her* sacred institutions to be altered in so much as a comma by the decrees of votes from Wurtemburg, Silesia, and Posen? England is as much a Sovereign nation as Prussia, and if the attempt to override us is persisted in, there is no doubt about it we should fight. I won't say at present how we should fight, or exactly where. But I do implore my fellow-Englishmen to get ready against next May, when, by the use of alien and hostile votes, that Veto Bill passes the House of Commons. I won't go so far as to say that blood should be shed. But something really should be done. A little study of the methods adopted by other nations righteously struggling to be free should easily tell us how to start. Perhaps a few shots could be fired by somebody somewhere near Parliament (if possible, harmlessly to human life), and then, with ringing cries of "Down with the British!" the English heroes should betake themselves to—say—Primrose Hill (a place bearing a most appropriate name as a rallying ground for the Constitution), where a body of armed irregulars would have already been stationed, and where defence works could be rapidly thrown up. There would then be made an appeal, through the advertisement columns of the Press, to Englishmen to rally round the defenders of their Constitution against its Celto-Gaelic destroyers.

But, no doubt, the Army would be consulted before the first steps were taken. . . . I know several officers who would give their eyes for a chance to lead their men in such a cause. The Navy, too. Anyway, a few weeks spent in Lisbon, or Rio, or Constantinople, or Athens, should easily give us all the ideas we need in the working out of this great national fight for freedom. There are five months before us. All we want is the man.

DOWNWRITER.

The Sea's Loss and the Land's Gain

Photograph *Montague Dixon*

H.S.H. PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG

Who retired from the Navy on December 20. It is rumoured that he will take up an appointment at the Admiralty

Vulcan, M.P.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE LABOUR MEMBERS

DEAR VULCAN,—In the new Parliament you will be, as you were in its predecesors, one of Mr. Asquith's many masters—a moderately proud position.

Well, master, what manner of man are you? You are not an easy person to average. Extremes meet in you, and you bristle with contradictions. At one pole we have the statesmanship, the patriotism, the constructive ability of men like Burt, Wilson, and Shackleton, now no longer with you, having accepted a Home Office post. At the other end we have the parochialism, the renegation, the wanton destructiveness of your Socialist wing.

Even sartorially you present marked differences. The silk hat and broadcloth of Mr. John Hodge, the sombrero and rolling tie of Mr. John Ward typify the warring elements in you.

There is no sealed pattern of you; one can but hint at some characteristics, which, though not common to all, are possessed by many of you.

Among your good qualities you are often sincere, earnest, modest, and capable. You are also practical. It is true that some of you did an honest day's work in some antediluvian age, and, judging by the way they continue to talk about it, have never recovered from the shock; but most of you are, or have been, genuine working-men. You know the needs of your class, and you go straight for the goal.

Indeed, there is something almost splendidly brutal in your definiteness of purpose.

As you have often told us, you don't care a snap of your gnarled fingers for either Tory or Rad; you are in Parliament to squeeze what you can out of the Government of the day.

With some of you this apparently selfish concentration is but a stepping-stone to higher things. Their own class first—that is only natural—but their outlook embraces wider things, and they strive for the benefit of humanity at large.

With others the reverse is the case. They merely want to grab what they can for themselves, and are absolutely indifferent to the rights and wrongs of anyone outside their own class. The working-man is to have everything—free lodging, free transit, a free breakfast-table, free education, meals and boots for his children. The gentleman's child might starve before they would lift a finger to save him.

Food and justice for all—that is the creed of the best of you; food and justice for the working-man, provided he is a Trade Unionist—let the rest rot, they are nothing to us—that is the dangerous and detestable gospel preached by some of your least worthy members.

Yet how they would squeal if the "idle rich" were to turn round and say: "We are tired of being blackguarded and cursed for our charity. In future we will not subscribe another penny to hospitals, we will build no more sanatoria, endow no more almshouses. We will consider only ourselves and our own class."

It would be interesting, indeed, to know how much Labour has subscribed to these hospitals and other charitable institutions of which it is usually the first to take advantage.

This reminds me, Vulcan, that you are sometimes a terrible snob. Oh, yes, you are, though you may refuse to believe it. There are two kinds of snobs. The one has a slavish adulation for his social superiors; the other cherishes an insensate hatred for those above him, and he is by far the greater snob of the two. A gentleman, be he duke's son or cook's son, recks nothing of class distinctions; he is courteous and considerate to all. It is your snob who tries to set class against class, who tries to prove his superiority by throwing mud at his betters, who, when dressed in a little brief authority, is rude, ill-mannered, and tyrannical.

Now as to your mental qualifications. These are sometimes high, but on the whole you are intellectually under-developed. You have read a great deal, but you have read more than you have digested. You are apt to think that because you have bolted many stodgy books you are a well-read man. In the course of interviewing many of you I discovered that almost without exception you had never read a novel, and you seemed to pride yourself on the fact.

Surely he is a narrow-minded man who says that there is no mental gold to be extracted from the page of the great romancists.

Then you are sometimes sanctimonious, even Pecksniffian. There are among you men of deep and beautiful religion, but there are others who are afflicted with a sort of sanctimonious snuffle, relic of the days when they were youthful street preachers, and priggish props of Sunday schools.

Sometimes, too, you ape that humility which is the most vicious form of pride, while some of you are quite amazingly conceited.

One or two of you are axe-grinding agitators of a debased type, interested solely in squeezing as much money as they can out of their fellow-workmen. As a class you are inimical to the Army—I suppose that little affair between Mars and Venus still rankles. Yet you have your military expert, Mr. John Ward, who, on the strength of having served for a few months as a navvy on a military railway, is now—at least, on your side—an acknowledged authority on all Army matters, and a critic at whose uprising Mr. Haldane trembles visibly.

You are always ready to teach other people their business, but you strongly resent any interference with your own affairs.

All said and done, however, your outstanding fault is your snobbish exclusiveness, your inability to see any point of view but your own, your conviction that the working-man is the only person who matters, and your tendency to regard your local parish pump as the hub of the universe.

I fear I have not made a very amiable portrait of you, but you are so conscious of your worthiness, as you are of other people's unworthiness, that there is little need to remind you of your undoubted virtues.

In conclusion, let me advise you to cultivate a sense of humour and to strive to realise the possibility of there being other pebbles on the human beach besides yourself.

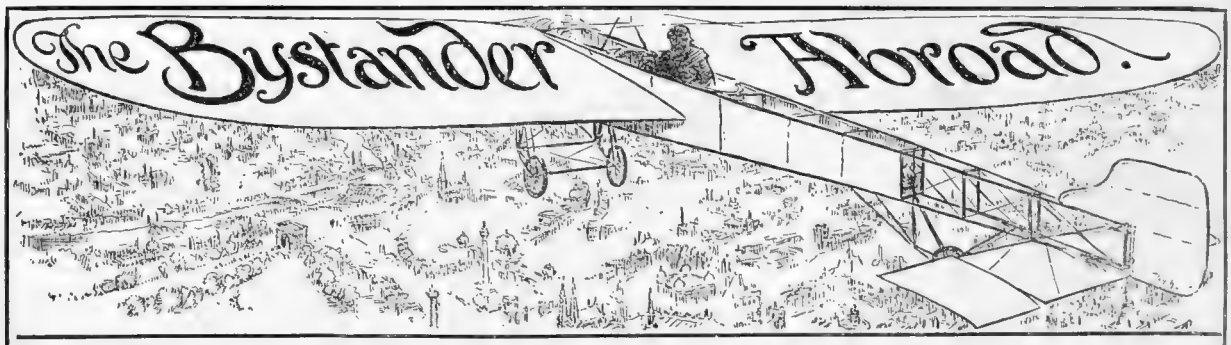
N. W. F.

No Change

THE RESULT OF THE POLLS

"Twins again! Nothing to choose between them, and as quarrelsome as the last pair"

BY NOEL POCOCK



The Kaiser's New Helper: The Everlasting Hope of a Franco-German Reconciliation: Modest Berliners

A Coming Man

People have been so busy in England over the elections that they have not been noticing the début of Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs of Prussia, who acts as a sort of Vice-Chancellor for the Empire. It is he who directs the "office" at the Wilhelmstrasse and posts up the Chancellor in all matters relating to Germany's foreign affairs. Surprise was expressed at the time that a man holding the minor position of Minister at Bucharest should be promoted over the heads of all the Ambassadors, and, of course, people wondered what sort of man he would turn out to be.

Good Haters

He had last week his first chance of dealing with a delicate matter. The impression produced was rather that he lacked lightness of touch, and on the other hand that he had a Bismarckian frankness which enabled him to come straight to the point, and left no doubt as to his meaning. And now there is talk of a *rapprochement* between Germany and France, and even a *ballon d'essai* was sent out that Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter intended to pay a visit to Paris and discuss pending questions in Morocco with M. Pichon. The French response, however, was not sufficiently warm to warrant official overtures on the subject. However peaceable the surface may be between Germany and France, the moment Germany makes the slightest move to take advantage of the calm state of things and make friendly overtures, something in the French nature immediately revolts, and the surface becomes agitated. France does not mind being at peace with Germany, but she will not go beyond that. Yet Alsace-Lorraine is so completely changed that no Frenchman seriously thinks that France can recover her lost provinces.

Alsace Happy As It Is

Forty years of possession have converted the younger generations of Alsatians into Germans. The older men, both at Strassburg and Mülhouse, whose business interests obliged them to remain in Alsace, hold themselves aloof, but most of the French patriots have left the country, and Germans have taken their place, and now it would be as great a hardship to the Alsatians to annex them to France as it was to take them from France and annex them to Germany. Yet it would make an immense difference to the world if France, Germany, and England could enter upon a new era of friendship. The naval armament question could then be solved, and both Germany and France could even restrict their armaments on land. I must confess that, much as I appreciate the fine qualities of the French, I think they are sacrificing a very great interest to a comprehensible, but useless, sentiment.

Photograph *T. H. Voigt*

A New Portrait of the German Empress

Her Imperial Majesty was fifty-two years of age last October

Proud Berlin?

One of many nice things about Berliners is their freedom from meretricious pride. This is your first discovery after you take a flat, especially if you take one of those sumptuous flats which the weekly *Wohnungsanzeiger* classifies as "high-gentlemanly." For Berlin flats seem to be either "gentlemanly" (*herrschaftlich*) or "high-gentlemanly" (*hochherrschaftlich*). The rent varies accordingly. But whether it is high or low, you notice everywhere the attractive absence of pride.

A Chain of Ice-Hills

A FUTURE HAUNT OF THE WINTER SPORTS ENTHUSIAST

HARDANGER GLACIER, NEAR THE NEW WINTER SPORTS RESORT OF FUISE (4,200ft. ABOVE SEA LEVEL), SITUATE ON THE BERGEN-CHRISTIANIA RAILWAY

The conditions for winter sports are distinctly better in Norway than in Switzerland, and attention may well be drawn to Norway as a winter sports resort, particularly now that the new railway from Bergen to Christiania is open, bringing some altitude resorts within fairly easy reach

Only for Gentlemen

The Berlin Bystander does not want to boast, but until lately he thought he lived in a high-gentlemanly flat. It is in a fair street, has central-heating, a lift, a hall-porter, and ceiling-frescoes of sinuous Secessionist ladies with emerald faces and contorted toes. In England, on the strength of the frescoes alone, he would give smart bridge-parties, and talk about his cousin's acquaintance with a baronet. In Berlin he avoids all such vanities. He is struck into meekness by his fellow-tenants' simple domesticity and unpretending ways. His high-gentlemanly house has two staircases, back and front, the latter being labelled in the white enamel which Germans love: "Only for gentlemen!" This notice is not necessarily meant to exclude one's friends, but primarily to restrict the butcher and baker to the back stairs. The postman is a gentleman within the meaning of the enamel. The label effectually keeps the servants out of sight. Happily, it does not exclude the high-ladylike wives of the high-gentlemanly flat-occupants when they behave like servants.

Lord Minto, the New Knight of the Garter

Renewing acquaintance, after thirty-one years, with a friendly Pathan, who acted as guide to him while serving with Lord Roberts in the Kurram. The photograph was taken by the Countess of Minto during their Excellencies' trip up the Kurram Valley last spring

Bread and Beer

At eleven every morning the Berlin Bystander issues on his way to skate in the new Sport Palace, and three days a week he meets the wife of a fellow-flatter, who lives overhead and gives dances. Under her arm she carries an unpapered loaf of bread. When, an hour later, the Berlin Bystander returns he meets on the stairs the nice-looking daughter of the tenant of the Fourth Treppe Rechts. She is lugging upstairs a ponderous reed-sack. Above the edge protrude the necks of six Patzenhofer beer-bottles, which cost a penny each.

Vengeance at Last

Other high-ladylike ladies in the house do just the same. One even carries beer in a jug. She lets it drip. Having slipped in it twice, the snobbish Berlin Bystander complained to his landlord, Herr Scharfrichter, who warned the offenders. A month later he sent the Berlin Bystander copies of their replies. Almost unanimously they referred to him as "*die englische Familie Smith*," who "rudely and quite-unheard-of-intrusively in our internal affairs with obstinacy continually to intermeddle the impertinence has." But the Berlin Bystander has had vicarious vengeance. At his hall-door he lately stood, shaking hands with a Frenchman, when the neatly dressed head of one of the offenders appeared in sight. Next appeared a half-closed basket, from which peered out an unusually healthy, almost British, joint. The carrier's face resembled the joint. "*Tiens!*" said the Frenchman, with a mock bow to the lady he took for my cook. "*On apporte votre diner!*"

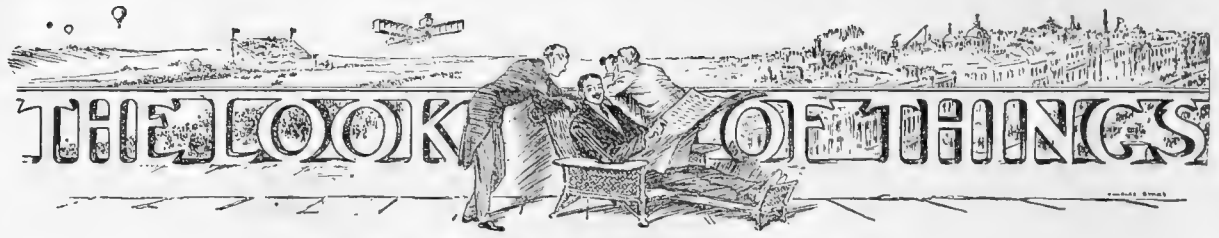
Irregular Fighters for the Persian Constitution

Under the new Regency, Persian affairs are comparatively peaceful. The question of the moment is, will France object if Russia favours the junction of the Persian system with the Bagdad Railway? The arrangement would, at any rate, prevent Persia from becoming a source of international dispute

A Leviathan of the Deep

THE LARGEST FISH EVER CAUGHT ON LIGHT TACKLE

A giant Saw-Fish, weighing 850lb., caught in one of the Florida Keys, and supposed to be the largest fish ever captured by an angler with light tackle. The photograph shows the angler with the rod and line used to capture the fish



FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

"IT is becoming more and more the thing," says a contemporary, "for people of fashion to dine on New Year's Eve at one of the big hotels." Naturally. It is so much easier to make good resolutions after a well-cooked meal.

* * *

The home feed may result in some creditable determination—such as the determination to fire the cook. But even a resolve like that does not make a man feel good, and may lead to one of those scenes that are so painful.

* * *

It struck me that the Women's Suffrage candidates did much better at the elections than they had any right to expect. I thought myself that, after failing so ignobly to obtain votes, they would probably have their eyes poked out by the umbrellas of their supporters.

* * *

Speaking of these articles, a "self-opening umbrella" was advertised as one of the Christmas novelties. The fair possessor of such an umbrella will now be able to inform any old gentleman who wishes to know why she has suddenly spiked him in the face—a thing that will happen in a crowd sometimes—that it just happened that way, and was not her fault at all.

* * *

THE IMITATOR

"Why," protests her husband, "should woman have the monopoly of the low neck?"

By A. B. Walker

Mr. Herbert Trench hopes to produce a play called *All That Matters*. Presumably it is about the box-office receipts.

* * *

Œdipus is another drama that we are promised shortly. Poor old Œdipus—the hero—has to be blinded in the course of the play; and so, I fancy, has the Censor.

* * *

One of our golfing writers has suggested that golfers should be allowed to fix their own handicap instead of having it fixed for them as at present. It certainly would be satisfactory to be able to say to one's opponent, "I generally play from scratch, but as I feel that this is going to be an off-day, I think I'll take thirty, thank you."

* * *

People are complaining that the calendars for 1911 are not as up to date as they should be. They do not even, it appears, give the date of the next General Elections.

"Put not your trust in steel" may be regarded as the motto which has induced Mr. Carnegie to hand over to twenty-four trustees two million pounds' worth of Steel Trust stock—in order that they may therewith "hasten the abolition of international war."

* * *

Everyone will wish the Trustees a very happy New Year; and if they are anxious to begin hastening that abolition, here are one or two suggestions towards portioning out the money:

1. A handsome Annuity to the Kaiser on condition that he will resign office in favour of some more conspicuous lover of Peace. Not that a more sincere one could exist.

2. A present in Cash to all Members of the Reichstag who will vote in favour of transforming the German Army into Territorials. This would simplify matters.

3. A capital sum to be expended in introducing into all South American States rats containing the plague bacillus. At present these States keep up a state of strife which is demoralising to peace-lovers.

4. International theatres to be built throughout the world—and endowed—for the purpose of playing *The Quaker Girl*.

5. Promises of Free Libraries to all Nations undertaking to disarm their Navies and Armies.

* * *

A newly published cookery book gives a recipe for "Welcome Guest Pudding"—which sounds most inviting. Surely, however, it would be more useful if the book also gave a recipe for a quite unmistakably "Unwelcome Guest Pudding?"

* * *

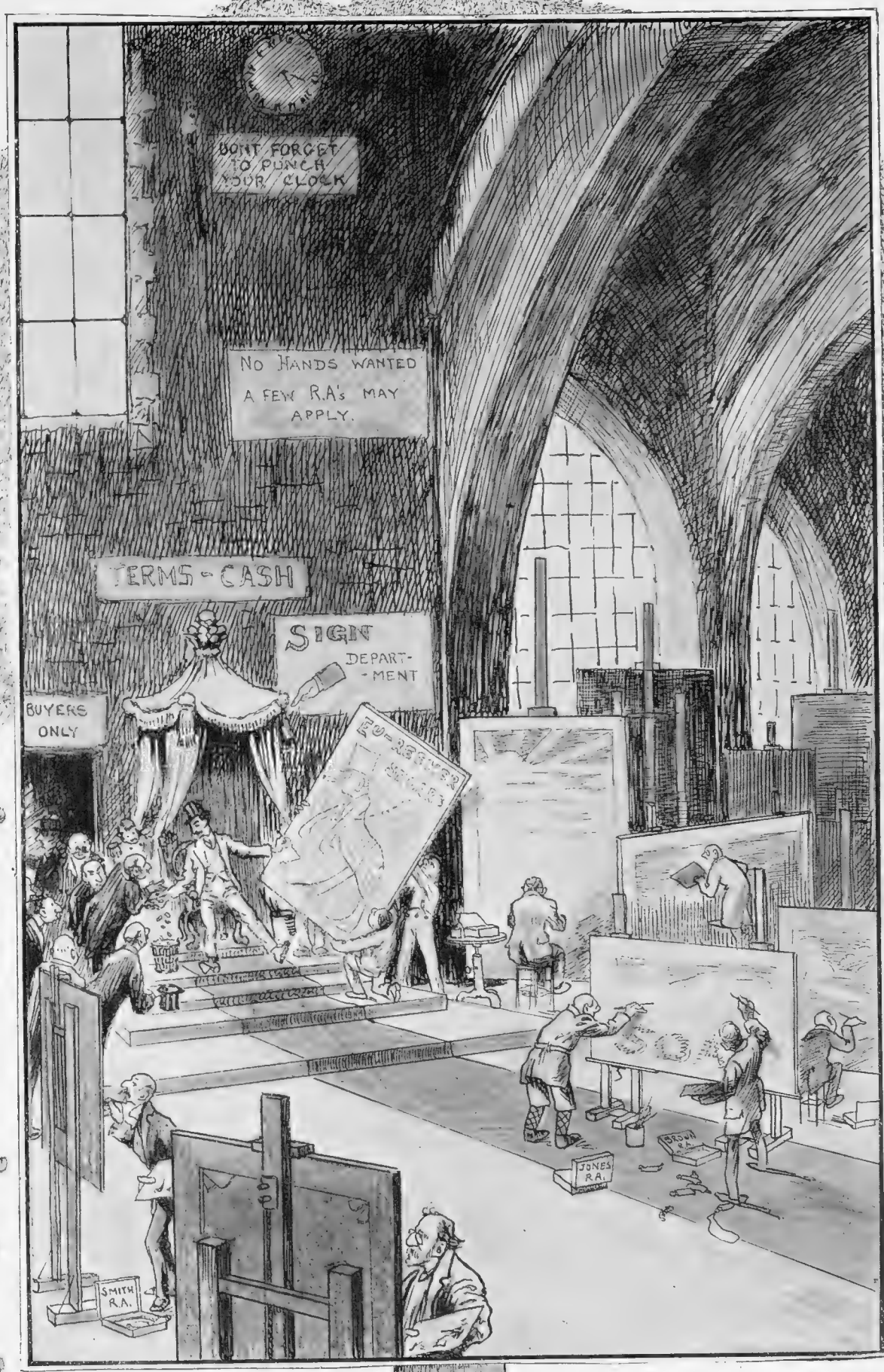
A writer on "Amateur Theatricals" in the *Mail* declares that performers should always remember that in acting before the inmates of a Drunkards' Home there must not be the slightest reference to intoxicating liquors, "for fear of exciting the audience." One can understand this, but it must make things rather flat if the hero, instead of drinking off his bottle of champagne, has to pretend that he is undergoing the Normyl treatment.

* * *

An expert has been explaining that the reason for the present high price of tea is that on many of the Ceylon plantations tea is mixed with rubber. An old lady is anxious to know if that is also the reason why it tastes so funny at some of the teashops.

The Rise of the Joke Artist

IN FOUR CHAPTERS



Chapter IV.—The artist of the future does no work himself, but employs R.A.'s to devil for him.

Result: Ducal Income

BY PHILIP FAYNES

Pastimes in Purgatory: Golf

BY DUDLEY TENNANT

Pastimes in Purgatory: Motoring

BY TONY SARG

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE PRINCESS CLEMENTINA" AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

THIS is a Musketeery play with a distinct quality. It is based on Mr. A. E. W. Mason's successful novel of the same name, and, therefore, as might be expected, it tells a very interesting story. The authors have been at some pains to assure us in a note on the programme that there is historical warrant for all their principal characters; but we really do not insist on documentary evidence in all our romances. Perhaps, however, the authors consider that after the storm of political inexactitudes through which we have just passed they ought to apologise for speaking the truth. The play opens at Bologna, where "King" James is sitting down with that masterly restfulness for which he was so celebrated, waiting for the arrival of the Princess Clementina from Poland. We are given to understand that if the Princess gets through, and her marriage with James takes place, George I. will be very much upset about it all. For this reason the British Government, which seems to have money to burn, is sending spies round Europe to report upon the Princess's progress, so that she may be intercepted on her way through Austria.

Sketched by Norman Morrow at the Queen's Theatre

THE game, therefore, is for the emissaries of "King" James (I apologise to my Jacobite friends for those inverted commas, but I cannot dispense with them) to smuggle the Princess through Austria, and it is for the Austrian Government to try and circumvent them. Austria has the first move, and begins by placing the Princess and her mother under arrest. It is then for "King" James to release the ladies and thus get himself out of check, as it were. As a matter of fact, James's method of meeting the trouble is to sit down in a chair and complain of his hard luck. It is at this point that the Musketeery hero, Charles Wogan (Mr. H. B. Irving), steps into the limelight. He asks for permission to stroll into Austria, remove the Princess from her prison, and escort her back to Bologna. It is true, as he modestly admits, that he will have the best part of Europe against him all the while; but what is a mere Europe to a gallant Musketeery hero? "King" James writes a letter to the effect that Wogan alone is genuine, and that the Princess must have no other emissary, inferior imitations, as we know, being so often supplied for the sake of extra profit; and

then, with three sturdy friends, Irishmen all, Wogan sets out for Austria.

THE excitement begins with the next scene, where we find Wogan at a roadside inn. While he is pecking furtively at an extremely light meal, a stranger comes in, and bids him "good-day." Another stranger, similarly courteous, arrives, and then another still. Mr. Irving plays this scene in just the right spirit. He is the gallant hero, humorously confident of being more than a match for his enemies; but his bantering tone does not lessen the intense excitement of the scene. It must be clear to everyone that an unruly scuffle is about to take place, and our only anxiety is to find out how the hero will manage to dodge the rapiers of the three sturdy fighters who are pitted against him. We know he will "win through" somehow, because very few authors have the courage to kill their hero in the first act. If only—but that is another story. After a most satisfying little fight, Wogan manages to get outside the door, and then one of the fighters has the imprudence to stick his rapier through the panel of the door at random. This is, of course, an extremely dangerous thing to do, as you never know who may be on the other side; and in this case its rashness is clearly shown by the fact that the sword catches Wogan in the right shoulder. Hang it all, it might have killed him.

Sketched by Norman Morrow at the Queen's Theatre

THE next scene is dated four months later, as it takes Wogan all that time to get well. The excitement is at fever heat, and that's why I think it a pity they keep the curtain down while a lady who is hidden from our view in the gloaming, sings a love song in a nice, cultured voice. All very well in its way, of course, but we were waiting to get on to the fights. When the curtain rises we find ourselves at the villa at which Clementina and her mother are detained. It is clear that the adventurous escape is now positively about to begin, and here and there you observe people about you already wriggling a little in anticipatory excitement. You see, a magistrate comes twice a day, morning and evening, to satisfy himself that the Princess is still there, so that all that has to be done is for the Princess to say she is ill, and then to find someone who will occupy her bed while she herself skips over the frontier. Everything happens as per specification. A serving-wench is introduced into

the house, and when the magistrate peeps discreetly through the door at the outlines on the distant bed he is satisfied that he has seen the Princess, and for a while the suspense is over. Many things happen, however, to give us the impression that the escape will be interfered with; though they are all presented with proper dramatic effect, and the excitement is kept up in a perfectly legitimate and gentlemanly way. I have no doubt that when the play has settled down this scene will be taken a little more quickly. Nobody objects to the modern craze for hustling more than I; but I think, when you are rescuing a Princess at the peril of your life and the lives of your friends, you are entitled to rush the job a little if only to get the right kind of swing on the scenic effect, as it were. My meaning may be obscure, but my intentions are honourable.

OF course, Wogan would not have set out from the villa with the Princess without a duenna. This lady is waiting for the two outside. She is the wife of one of the gallant Irishmen, and I think a little too much is made of the fact that she is supposed to be in the condition usually described as "interesting." The idea is that, in spite of her unfitness for travel, she is willing to sacrifice herself and her unborn babe for her "King"; but we do not usually call for details of this kind, which, when all is said, are a little embarrassing for a bashful man. Still, this lady does not herself appear on the stage, and that is at least something to be thankful for. As you can well understand, in an exciting play like this, the danger of the re-capture of the Princess is not yet over. She has, it is true, escaped, and is on her way to Bologna; but there are two more acts to be got through, and the excitement must be kept up somehow. Ah, good idea! Let the axle of the carriage break at a critical moment on the road. That is what happens. Here, again, a natural, but inconvenient, antipathy to the modern creed of "hustle" is again manifested. Where we ought to have been kept in a perfect fever of excitement, the play halts while Wogan sits down in the snow beside the Princess and practically hints to her that if it were not that she is affianced to the "King" he would propose to her himself. After this interesting communication, progress is resumed in a leisurely way, and then we come to the fight of the evening.

Photograph *Van Trolga*

Miss Olivia Eltone

Who plays Robinson Crusoe at the Gaiety, Dublin. A realistic number is "Come with me to Lapland," which she sings seated in a sleigh amidst icebergs

KING GEORGE'S spies are on the track of the fugitives, and it need hardly be said that Wogan is quite prepared to meet them. He does not know how many there are of them; but what are mere numbers to a gallant hero who has got to survive till the last act anyway? (I respectfully announce that I am not inviting correspondence on this question.) The hero has had no sleep for several nights; but that, of course, makes no difference to the lightness of his slumbers as he nods fitfully at the top of a flight of steps waiting for the alarm. Ha! here they come! There are three of them. One has a pistol, but it misses fire. The other two are chased down the steps out of sight; but from what we can hear of Wogan's remarks it seems clear that he has left them in a shockingly invalided state as he returns to the stage to polish off the last of the gang. This gentleman is reserving his strength for the picturesque fight which will involve the overturning of a table, without which no scene of this sort is complete, nowadays. And as he has been guilty of a treacherous attempt to kill the hero unawares, he is not to be skewered in the polite manner adopted towards his companions. Wogan simply picks him up and throws him into the courtyard below, and it is understood that death ensues from a compound fracture of the dorsal vertebræ—or the poetical equivalent. Verdict accordingly.

THE scene then changes to a lonely hut in the mountains, where the indirect love-making of the hero is continued. This scene is contrived with great delicacy, and it reveals to us Wogan the dreamer, as well as Wogan the fighter. Mr. Irving, who is a man of culture first and an actor afterwards, quite revelled in this scene, which showed him at his best, and which gained for him a storm of well-earned applause. There is one more act, chiefly concerned with a wedding by proxy, carried out with much beautiful elaboration of detail. The Princess is represented by Miss Stella Patrick Campbell, who is, perhaps, hardly experienced enough for so important a part. Her appearance was, of course, very interesting; but I do not think she need be discouraged by the fact that her chief drawback for the moment is her extreme youth. I only wish I had the same trouble myself.

JINGLE.

England in Egypt

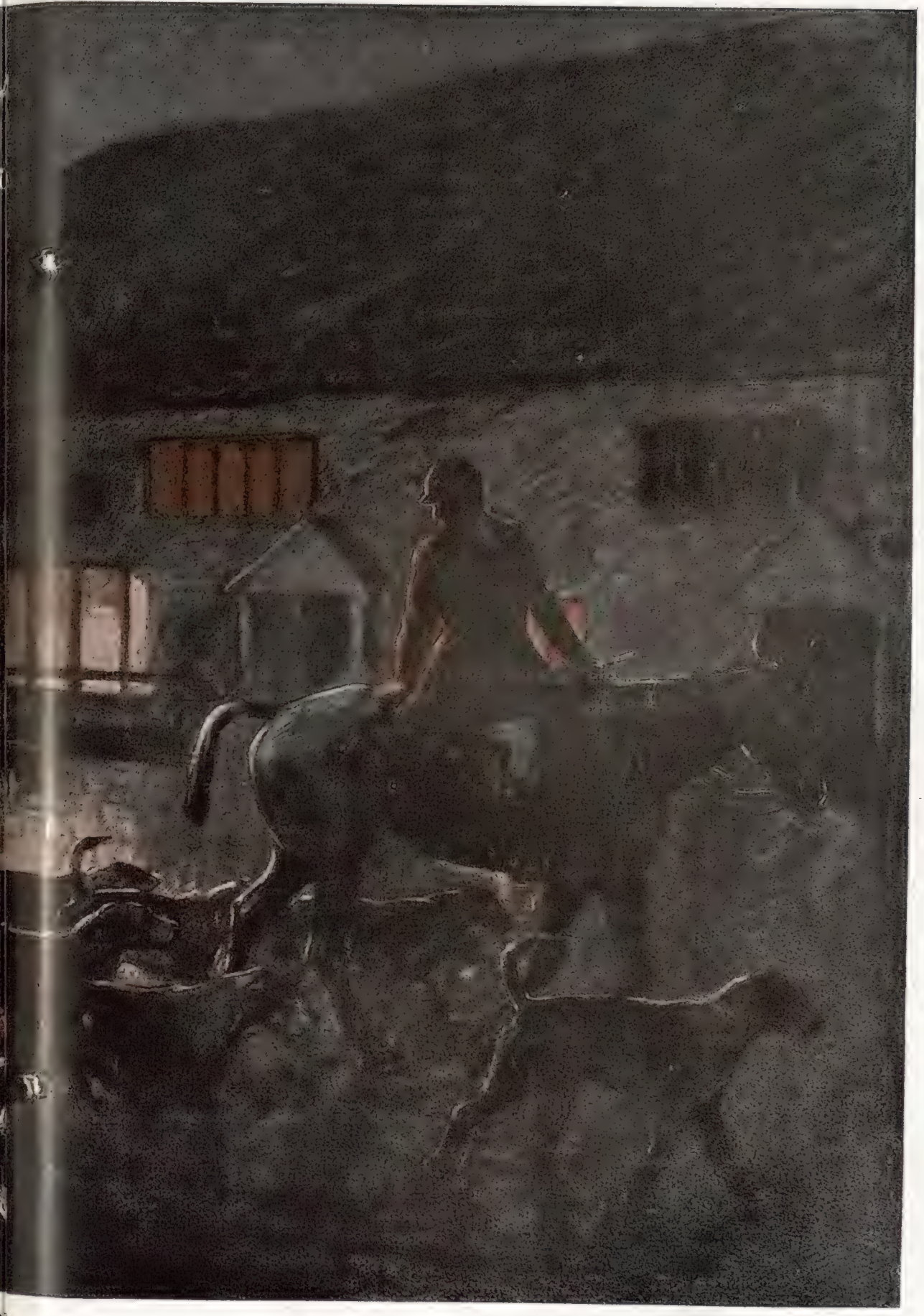
BY BALLIOL SALMON

Homeward Bound: Returning to K

"THEN SHOG ALONE HOMEWARD, CHAT OVER THE FIGHT, AN

BY LIONEL EDW

Kennels Late on a Rainy Evening



) HEAR IN OUR DREAMS THE SWEET MUSIC ALL NIGHT"

—CHARLES KINGSLEY

The FROST KING at NIAGARA

SPORT ON THE ICE MOUNTAIN AT NIAGARA

This mountain forms on the débris-slope on the north or down-stream side of the American Fall. It is formed by the spray of the Fall freezing, and day after day it rears its head higher and higher

THERE is no place in the world where the Frost King creates a more beautiful spectacle than at Niagara Falls. People from all countries have enjoyed the summer sublimity of Niagara, and many have pictured its winter beauty in fancy, but the realisation far surpasses the picture. It is astonishing what a change is created by the icy breath of winter. The wondrous formations excel anything man has wrought. The slender summer vine is loaded to breaking with the congealed spray which falls all about. The woods, once so green and beautiful, present the appearance of a forest hewn from marble.

The ice-bridge formations of Niagara are peculiarly remarkable because they are not the result of the freezing over of the stream. The ice that builds them is formed in Lake Erie, many miles away, and when a thaw comes, accompanied by a favourable wind, the ice-field of the lake is rushed down stream into the entrance of the river at Buffalo. For miles and miles out from Buffalo the ice-field will extend, and the current that sucks into the river keeps breaking it away and sweeping it into the channel that leads it to the Falls. From shore to shore the upper Niagara River will be one vast moving ice-field, and, when this occurs, to ride along the river on the trains of the New York Central is to witness a grand spectacle. In the trip down the river the ice keeps in big chunks, but when it strikes the upper rapids it is hurled about with such force that it passes over the Falls in very small pieces. It is these small pieces that form the great and wondrous ice-bridges. In the strongest of the formations there are few pieces of ice larger than a man's hat, but the mass becomes so thoroughly packed that its strength is truly wonderful.

THE HORSESHOE FALL.
(Seen from Goat Island)
The drive about Goat Island under winter conditions is entrancing, frost transforming the locality into a veritable fairyland

The Queen of Cataracts in Winter

Photograph *Keystone View Co.*

The point from which this fine photograph was taken is Luna Island, which divides the American fall. The river at this point is 1,100ft. wide and the fall 163ft. high. Through the mist rising from the fall we can trace a delicate outline of the Suspension Bridge

The Raconteur

A SUBURBAN IDOL AS SEEN BY H. M. BATEMAN

Bystander Short Story

A Love Charm

By John Trevena

Author of "Bracken," "Furze the Cruel," etc.

TO discover the real nature of a woman, you merely draw a wedding-ring upon that finger of hers which was once supposed to be in direct communication with the heart; quite a simple act, but as perilous almost as aviation; for something is bound to be wrecked—old customs and friendships assuredly. And unless the four hands upon the helm are steady, the experiment must soon be brought to a disastrous ending. When four hands control the steering-gear it is so likely that one pair may be sometimes pulling against the other. Husband and wife know really nothing about one another until they take the flight in the biplane of matrimony towards heaven; the man is as much altered by that trick of legerdemain connected with the wedding-ring as the woman. This sounds like magic; but it is simply waking-up, leaving a dream for realities, departing from the lyrical poetry of Arcadia and entering into the Yes-and-No prose of sitting down to breakfast.

There is also a faint suggestion of magic about the manner of introduction. How did Harry and Corinna meet? Observe how many married couples resent questions upon this matter. They like it to be thought they were born in some aerial region and tumbled into the world together. A glance, a sudden shower, a rising tide, may have been the agent of introduction. Is there not, also, the terrible commercialism of a matrimonial advertisement—Cupid as a middle-aged gentleman, attired in frock-coat, wearing spectacles, stroking a bald head, using a typewriter instead of bow and arrows? His own mother would hardly know him thus—unless she has discarded doves for petrol, wears pince-nez, and worries the Olympian deities for a vote. No matter how Harry and Corinna met. We must not question them. Yet let it be remembered that Harry lived in Devonshire and knew no one in London, while Corinna made a living in London and had neither friend nor acquaintance in the country; and on a certain horribly wet day in February we find them walking together beneath two umbrellas and talking about matrimony as a thing worth trying.

In Hyde Park—of course. No record exists of the legal transaction which conveyed the whole of the open spaces in London to the God of Love as his preserves, and bestowed upon him the right of shooting over them for ever. There can be no doubt, nevertheless, that the deed was given—Hyde Park being especially mentioned because of its position and the excellence of its covers, which gives promise of abundant sport. Harry and Corinna had talked about many things—of fashions and jewellery in Regent Street, of Art in Piccadilly; and at last Harry said, "I should like to talk about something else," and Corinna had instantly replied, "We will go into the Park." She guessed what that "something else" meant; she knew what parks and trees and seats were made for. The rain did not trouble her, because the God of Love shoots in all weathers.

At first, it was easy to discuss any topic rather than the "something else." The act of walking deprived Harry of the power of speech. So they seated themselves, regardless of moisture; and at last he said, "I have enjoyed your letters; they were companions to me in my loneliness."

"I looked forward to yours," admitted Corinna.

"We arranged to decide to-day. I think we had better keep to that decision."

"I think so, too," she answered.

"We will not leave the Park until we are engaged, or have decided to part."

"Or are drowned."

"In that case, we may remain indefinitely," he said, glad of an excuse for laughing. "You know I like you; but I do not love you," he went on, seriously.

"Of course, I do not love you," she said, very quickly.

"I feel certain I could."

"I agree with you that it would come."

"I have never been in love with any woman. I want to marry because of the loneliness of my life; and the difficulties of managing my household."

"I have never been really in love with any man. A girl in lodgings has a dull time. I was born in the country, and long to get back to it. I should not mind the loneliness. I want to devote myself to someone; I want to learn to love and to make someone love me. I want to have the greatest interest in life that a girl can have—a home and husband of my own. London gives so much pleasure; but how can you enjoy it when alone?"

"In my home you would have to make your own pleasures," he said, warningly.

"I should not be alone," she reminded him. "While you were working in your study, I should be busy in the house. I should know you were there."

"And you would be content?"

"I think so."

"I have a dog which is very dear to me," he said, which again seemed to indicate that their previous meetings had been few.

"I shall love him, if he will be shared."

"He has a very affectionate nature," replied Harry, as if they had met to discuss the nature of canine love.

"If he is too devoted to you, I should want one of my own."

"You seem to have made up your mind?"

"I don't know. Shall we sit on these wet seats for two minutes?"

(All rights strictly reserved)

They did not come at once to an arrangement which was just as necessary. They wanted to get up, and felt they could not do so until the question was decided. They desired to leave the sodden Park, but each shrank from saying good-bye—the man, because he disliked the idea of going through all this for nothing; the girl, because she thought too much of her dull, dark lodgings.

"When shall we be married?" asked Harry, somewhat sorrowfully.

"Whenever you like," said Corinna, resignedly; and they went out of the Park under the same umbrella.

Here was the raw material for Cupid to work with. Out of these two souls, thrown into the mortar and well pounded with pestle, he was to extract the divine essence which could bind two lives together. They believed that the ceremony of marriage would work the enchantment, and during those first few hours, when the flight towards the moon began, it did indeed appear as if nothing was wanting, for the machine went nicely, there was no tendency to wobble, and the steering was child's play; but on the second morning came a searching breeze. Corinna's things were lying about in the wonderful confusion of unpacking, and Harry espied a letter; he looked at it, and was poisoned. It was addressed to his wife, and was rich with a love which was new to him. Dropping it, he went downstairs; but anger accompanied him. Corinna noticed it, and his look was to her as the touch of frost upon a flower. When the meal was over, Harry went to his study, omitting the usual kiss, and said to himself, "I have made a mistake"; while Corinna, sitting below, murmured, "He is never going to love me." The charm of matrimony had done its work with the bride; she loved, but he did not. Another charm was working—that of the wedding-ring, which revealed to her Harry's faults—and more—and brought out all her own. She went to her husband, gave way to jealousy and passion—and the next minute it was war between them.

"You keep your wife at a distance, yet you must have your dog always with you. He is your companion; I am your housekeeper," she cried, bitterly.

Harry perceived she had noticed the change in him caused by that letter, and, feeling she had deceived him, answered angrily, "I told you not to interrupt me in the morning."

"I can do as I like; I am your wife; you shall have no secret from me!"

Going to his desk, she pulled the drawers open, scattered the contents, and departed, leaving all things in confusion—dragging the unoffending dog with her.

Like all violent tempests, this was short. An hour of loneliness melted Corinna, and, coming to her husband, she begged for kisses—but not for pardon. She had been wronged; he had lost his temper—somehow she forgot her own—his selfishness had caused the quarrel. The reconciliation had no heart in it.

The next day, Corinna placed herself in the study and invited her husband to work while she chatted agreeably. "If your dog doesn't interrupt you, how can I?" And when this arrangement did not meet with his approval, the winds of passion raged again.

"I love you madly! I am jealous of your work—of anything you touch—of everything that keeps you from me," she cried, and wondered why her husband was so unyielding, even when she looked at him with eyes suggesting hatred! "I know I have faults; you ought to help me to conquer them. You would if you cared for me!"

But when he tried, she set her face against him, and would not answer. Love, which had looked so near a week ago, seemed already at an impossible distance; and as for the star of happiness, it had vanished! Yet it was necessary, if the whole of life was not to be spoilt, that they should reach it. There was only one way: another enchantment must be sought; magic more potent than the mere fact of making a woman wife must be invoked. Harry was full of dreams, much given to study; his pleasures were intellectual. Kisses and caresses were things he tired of quickly; while to Corinna they were everything—the breath of life and her daily food. Each quarrel made his kiss of peace grow colder. They had only one idea in common, and that was the desire to live happily; but, while seeking to find a way, each pulled in opposite directions.

They had been married two weeks, when Harry found a note upon his table:

"Since you do not love me, let us separate. I have given you all that a girl can, and I have discovered that you have no heart at all—or, if you have one, it is given to your dog and to your books. I would rather return to my sordid lodgings and make my own living than remain to be treated as a servant."

Harry read on, and grew angry, feeling that he had done his best—not daring to own that he knew nothing of the human heart and that mad, tempestuous thing—a woman's love.

He did not speak to Corinna that evening. Her angry face repelled him. So they sat together in enmity while the wind rose and beat upon the house. He left the table presently, and the house—acting selfishly, and abandoning poor Corinna to shudder at the noises of the wind. Her own fault, he argued. She could not expect to have him with her when she repulsed him and threatened to go and search for happiness—even as he was doing then—alone. His dog followed. It seemed to him that the best and most perfect love in their household existed in the heart of a faithful animal.

There was a wood, where Harry often walked, running down to a river which watered the valley beneath his house. It was lonely there, and sheltered from the wind. He passed on, beside the long-deserted huts of oak-rhinders, and in the garden of the wood about him were rings of fungi. The wind was religious there—singing of old tales, suggesting magic and the sweet idylls which are always present if one knows how to search for them. Higher up, and out of sight, were a few cottages, and in one of these dwelt an old sculptor—one who worked not for gain, but for love of art; a man who had taken Nature to be a help-mate, and had found happiness in the union.

The path became deeper and darker, as if leading towards a hidden mystery, and out of the haze proceeded the whispering of water. The leaves were muttering overhead. Harry moved over the mossy stones, parted the alders, then recoiled with a shudder; for he saw a white light—almost a blaze—and it seemed to him as if he had reached the land of fairies, and was looking down upon the palace of a king.

(Continued on page 700)

Heredity in Excelsis

THE CHILDREN OF STAGE CELEBRITIES COMBINE AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

MR. H. B. IRVING AS CHARLES WOGAN AND MISS STELLA PATRICK CAMPBELL AS PRINCESS CLEMENTINA IN "PRINCESS CLEMENTINA" AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

The eldest son of Sir Henry Irving and the daughter of that famous actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, play the leading rôles in Mr. H. B. Irving's new production, reviewed and further illustrated on pp. 688-90

(Continued from page 698)

"You are not alone," called a voice, and Harry perceived a dim white figure standing opposite, like some priest at a function, and for a moment he was frightened, because the surroundings seemed impossible and unnatural; but were really only wonderful because the night was upon them. The white light was phosphorescence proceeding from the rotten trunk of a larch; and the spectral figure was that of his friend the sculptor, wearing the white smock he worked in.

"The wood seemed suddenly enchanted," Harry murmured.

"I saw the light, and ventured out on a voyage of discovery," replied the sculptor.

"Such a blaze from a mass of rottenness!"

"A subject for you," the craftsman suggested, kicking the log, and covering the ferns with glowing patches.

"I wanted one," Harry muttered; and then, by a process of thinking aloud, he let the other know how he had left his home to find a light which was not burning there. The secret was too great for him, and the longing for sympathy brought it out.

"Don't say you have made a mistake," advised the old and hopeful sculptor. "If you have started badly, it does not mean that you will end badly. You must be prepared to make sacrifices."

"I have made them."

"Make some more—and then, more; and when you have made the last, you will have the happiness of knowing that the fault is not yours. You two are bound to have struggles before you learn each other. Remember, your wife has given up her life for yours. She left her loneliness that she might have love—and perhaps you are giving her more loneliness. Her jealousy, which seems to you unreasonable, is merely her way of expressing resentment against what seems to her indifference. A bachelor grows selfish; but he must lop that fault when he is married."

"We have no common interest," Harry muttered.

"Nature will provide one for you. Women have curious minds; when they sin, they imagine they are sinned against. If you give way to your wife, she will believe she is giving way herself."

"She promised to be a help to me, and is becoming a hindrance."

"She looks to you to give her happiness. It is your duty."

"I'll give her a dog," said Harry. "My dog has made her jealous; one of her own may make her happy."

The sculptor laughed; but, because of the darkness, Harry could not see that he also shook his head.

The house, when he returned, was darker than the wood. Corinna seemed to have left it; but presently Harry discovered her upstairs, with her face towards the wall, lying as if unconscious; for she made no sign when her husband entered and flung his arms about her, saying, "Darling, I'm sorry! It has been my fault entirely. Let us, at least, be chums!"

"How could you leave me? Of course, you took your dog!" she muttered, angrily.

"You drove me from you."

"I did not," she said, untruly; but Harry choked back the answer he had ready, and promised—"I will do all I can to make you happy."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes," he answered.

"How much?"

He hesitated to find a phrase, and she turned away coldly, murmuring, "Not at all. Well, I must take what I can get. Pretend to like me, anyhow. Let us make people believe we are a happy couple. Oh, kiss me!"

He did so, warmly, and she responded with the passion which turned so quickly into anger; while he despaired, knowing his heart was cold, believing that the fire in her was quite as false as the light which blazed upon that rotten larch-trunk.

They were friends however—for a week. Visitors called upon them; a fluffy dog was bought, and received with blessings. Storm-clouds came along sometimes, but passed without breaking, and the way seemed clear while the sunshine lasted. The two became lovers and grew intimate in their talk; but Harry refrained from mentioning his discovery of that letter—hoping she would refer to it, and, because she did not, his distrust remained. They were forcing the emotions, and trying to act their part.

"You are very fond of animals," he said, grave, while he watched Corinna fondling her new pet. "Yet they have brought us nothing but trouble; because I am fond of the dog who has been the companion of my loneliness."

"I was jealous," she finished. "I am still. Whenever I see you caress that dog I could shoot him."

Then it was—to soften her—he suggested something; and she did grow tender, but her answer was not what he had looked for.

"Don't think me unnatural," she pleaded; "but I hope we shall not have a family. I am afraid—and I want to be free. We are not very well off; we could go about so little with a family; and if we did at any time find it impossible to live together, and had separate—well, you know——"

The subject dropped then; but afterwards Corinna returned to it. "We must keep a way to liberty open in view of what may happen," she declared; and he could tell how the lonely life wearied her, and how he was longing for the lively nights of London. "I am praying," she said once, "that it may not happen." And still they waited for the magic—so long in coming which was to bring them happiness, since the quarrelsome state was soon resumed, and occasional petting and a lap-dog quite failed to work a love charm.

Corinna disliked all Harry's friends, save one—the quiet and learned sculptor who worked with deft hands in his cottage—silently and reverently, like a priest engrossed in his religion. They visited him often, and watched the wonderful process which seemed to give life to stone; but they did not guess how closely he watched them.

"What is this to be?" Corinna asked, in the gentle voice her husband seldom heard, watching those long, white fingers moulding clay.

"A child," said Harry.

"And a God," the sculptor answered. "Idle work for an old man's hands, you think?"

"It is a subject which has inspired all artists."

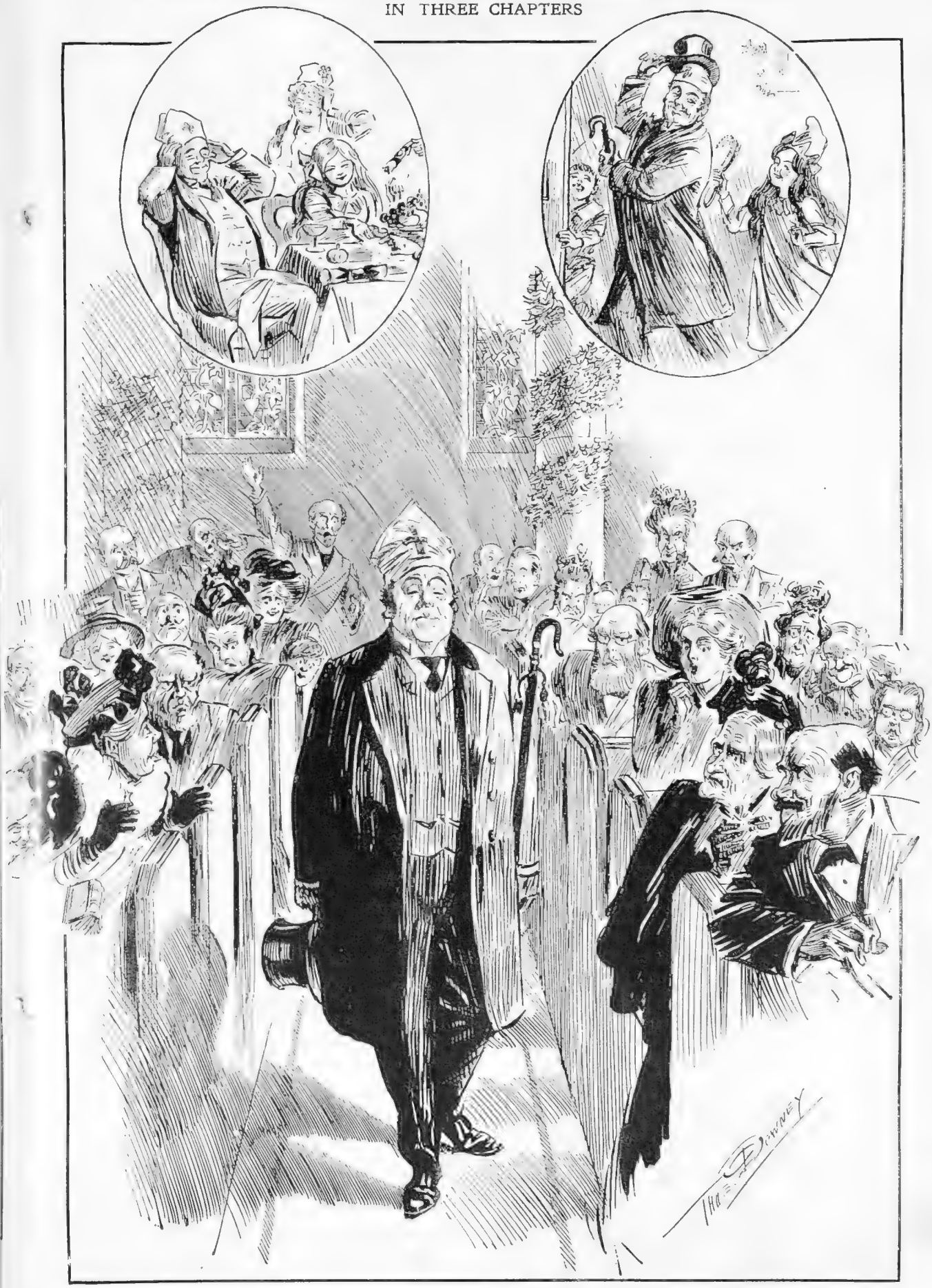
"Because it is difficult. Tenderness, love, and wonder have all to be expressed. A slip of the chisel, and love may be turned into anger. The painter may blot out his faults; the sculptor cannot. His faults must stand."

(Continued on page 702)

Christmas Day on Sunday

A PICTURE WHICH TELLS ITS OWN GRIEVOUS STORY

IN THREE CHAPTERS



BY THOMAS DOWNEY

(Continued from page 700)

The sculptor did not look at Harry, and yet he felt that the old man's mind was searching his. "Is not the face too strong for a child?" he asked.

"This is the God of Love—a wonder-worker."

"Why do you work at such trifles?" asked Corinna. "I like this group of horses so much better."

"This is to be a gift," said the sculptor.

He did not speak of it again, and somehow Corinna felt constrained to assume ignorance of the work which grew beneath the craftsman's hands when they visited the cottage, which was often—for the child-god fascinated her; she could not take her eyes from those rounded limbs and that wonderful little face, so young and yet so strong. She gazed upon it until every feature impressed itself upon her senses and haunted her dreams. She awoke one night and whispered, "I seem to feel it—that little God—alive!"

Still, they continued to drift apart, until the attempt to fly together was abandoned, and, steering away from each other, they sought the road to happiness alone. So the dreary months passed. Christmas came, and a few days afterwards arrived a parcel, very curiously shaped, and roughly packed, so that a little hand protruded from the paper covering, as if in mute appeal for friendship. It was the stone child—the God of Love—and with it came the message—"I could not finish it in time for Christmas; accept the gift now, with my best wishes."

"There is an empty corner of my study where it can stand," said Harry.

It was an innocent remark; but it served to arouse Corinna's jealous anger. This statuette had been carved, not so much for her as by her; it seemed part of herself—no longer stone, but living flesh and blood; that baby face—so tender, loving, full of wonder, and so strong—was hers by highest right. Never had she attacked her husband so furiously. Her face was full of hatred as she stormed. "You would take everything from me. I have wasted my love; while you remain cold, selfish, and indifferent. You would take this from me; lock it away in your study, where I cannot see it——"

"The statue is as much mine as yours," he broke in hotly, still unable to understand a woman's heart, supposing she merely wished to make a scene; and, afraid to trust himself, he went. And again they became enemies, avoiding each other, and not speaking. The God of Love brought discord, and the miracle seemed as far away as ever.

That day passed in silence. Late in the evening Harry found another note upon his table. Corinna had decided to leave him. "I cannot go at once," she wrote; "you know why. But directly I am well again, I leave you, until you find me necessary to your life. You must make the arrangements. I can live on very little; but I would rather starve than remain where I am not wanted."

"She hates me," Harry murmured. "I was sure of it, and now she has told me. This is how she avoids her responsibilities."

He looked up, and there was the white statue gleaming in the corner of the study where he had desired to have it. Corinna must have placed it there; and Harry noticed that the tiny hands of stone were stretched towards him as if in supplication.

Morning came—horribly cold, and streaming with mist, blotting out the prospect. Corinna made no appearance, so Harry breakfasted alone, shivering with cold and loneliness in his turn, yet longing for his liberty. Presently he went towards his study. The room was filled with weird light, caused by the mist against the windows; but there was something else—a ghostly, wild-eyed figure, which made him gasp: Corinna, sitting upon the carpet, clad only in her night-dress, gazing with eyes of terror at the God of Love—as Harry himself had gazed that night in the wood at the white-clad figure of the sculptor standing beside the glowing log.

"You will take a cold; go back to bed," he said, sternly.

"Harry," she whispered, still with that look of anger, "do you love me?"

"No," he answered. "You have killed my love."

She went to her room, and Harry heard her sobbing; but when he followed, with words of consolation, she drove him out.

Illness came, and afterwards, the event which Corinna had hoped would never come to pass. A son was born. The mother opened her eyes to see the cold face of the father, and, feeling a new spirit in her, she put out her arms and whispered, "Cannot we now be friends?"

"You are going to leave me," he answered.

"If we could only find a way—if you could love me a little!" she murmured.

"We have tried—and failed. It is best that we should separate before worse happens."

"Husband! I am so weak and helpless! Be kind to me now. I do not think I shall be jealous again; I feel that I have conquered it. I have always loved you; but you were so cold to me from the start."

"It was the letter," he said. "You deceived me."

"What letter?" she asked, wonderingly; and, at last, he told her.

"Oh, Harry! why did you not mention it before? It was a lover's letter—but not written by a man. I kept it because it was the last I had from the best and dearest girl before she died." And then Corinna murmured, "So you were jealous, too!"

There came a silence, while memories of those bitter quarrels rose between them, and presently Corinna whispered, "If you cannot love the mother, kiss your son!"

She turned, and revealed the face of the child, and as she did so cold sunshine poured in at the window and fell upon the head of the little stone statue which Harry had placed some days before upon the mantel-shelf. For a moment they did not speak—simply looked at each other as they had never done before until Harry cried, "It is a miracle!" and she whispered back, "It is enchantment!"

The two child-faces—the one dead, the other living—were the same; both tender, loving, full of wonder, and both powerful. The face of the statue might have been modelled upon that of the new-born child. There was no difference, except that one was stone, the other flesh and blood. This charm would work; they knew it as they said—

"The God of Love!"

"And we are his parents!" JOHN TREVENA.

FAMOUS HUNTS AT HOME

No. XXV. THE OAKLEY

(Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby)

Sharnbrook House, Leased by the Master

Mr. Esmé Arkwright, the Master

ABOUT 110 years ago the Oakley Hunt was established, when Mr. Lee Anthony, of Colworth, became the first Master. For nine years he was in command, after which came the Marquis of Tavistock for seven seasons; Lord Ludlow for six; the Duke of Bedford for seven; the Hon. Grantley Berkeley for five; Mr. Dansey for two; the Duke of Bedford for five; Mr. Magniac for six; and Mr. Hogg for three seasons. Then came Mr. Robert Arkwright from 1850 to 1876, and from then to 1885 Mr. Turner Macan was Joint Master with Mr. Arkwright. Mr. Butt Miller, Captain Browning, and Mr. P. Whitaker filled the years between 1885 and 1904, when, to the extreme good fortune of the Oakley, an Arkwright was again at the head of affairs in the person of Mr. Esmé Arkwright, the present Master.

In going over the kennels at Milton Ernest, which are situated practically in the centre of the country, they appear to me to be somewhat old-fashioned buildings, but doubtless serve their purpose. They consist of brick buildings backing on to the road leading from Milton Ernest to Sharnbrook, and contain three large and two small lodging-rooms in the old hounds' kennel, and there is a kennel for young hounds that come in from walking entirely separated from the other kennels. There are also hospital and puppy houses, and a kennel huntsman and stud-groom's house, and these, together with kennels and hunt stables, are all enclosed within a grass yard, in the centre of which are some lofty, shady trees. In these kennels are sixty couple of hounds, of which twenty-two couple are dogs. The principal strain noticeable is that of Grafton Woodman, and a good deal of old Oakley blood going back to Dancer (1888). The dog hounds have good necks and shoulders, good ribs, deep open chests, lots of bone, compact feet, and on the whole are straight, and are certainly well coupled-up hounds.

The bitches are a very level lot of good-looking hounds, though there is no particular characteristic as to colour. In shape they, like the dogs, have good necks and shoulders and lots of bone. They are the right sort to breed from, and Mr. Arkwright should have no difficulty in keeping up the present excellence of his pack with such material as he now has. In work the dogs are full of drive, and have great nose, plenty of tongue, and are real good triers. The bitches, also, are exceptionally good and true, and are very fast, with a fine cry. There is, in fact, little to choose between either pack, for, generally speaking, the Oakley are

The Kennels, Stables, Huntsman's and Stud Grooms' Houses at Milton Ernest, Bedford

at present a thoroughly workmanlike lot of useful, hard-working hounds. Stoutness is their characteristic, whilst for perseverance, dash, and drive they leave little to be desired. This, I am aware, is bestowing high praise on any pack of hounds, and my readers may feel assured that I would not confer such praise if I were not confident of the truth of what I state.

The country over which they hunt has equal proportions of plough and grass, with fly fences and ditches to every fence. On the whole, it is a fair rideable country, but requires a horse which can get over this deep, holding land, which in some seasons, like the present, is very deep. There are a fair amount of coverts, though no very great woodlands, but all hold foxes of the right stamp, ones with "straight necks," who are real good wild ones, and afford any amount of sport. Scent is not good on the whole, as it is cold clay soil, which seldom carries any. It thus behoves hounds to get there noses well down if they hope to get near or catch their fox. At the same time, there are many worse scenting countries, and when scent is good in the Oakley, hounds can make the most of it. The covert-owners are extremely good, not only in preserving foxes, but for allowing their coverts to be drawn without restriction. The Master is thus enabled to hunt the whole of his country right through the season.

The farmers are real keen supporters of the Hunt all round, and do all in their power to further sport; in fact, they set an example in this respect. The fields average eighty to one hundred, the biggest meets being on the Newport Pagnell side on Mondays. On Tuesdays the meets are on the Pytchley and Grafton sides, viz., Sharnbrook to Yardley Chase. On Thursdays the meets are near Bedford, and on Saturday about Kimbolton and St. Neots. There is a different Field Master for each day, an arrangement which appears to work well.

The Huntsman's House: The Huntsman Starting for the Meet. (His Wife and Daughter are at the Gate)

George Tongue Mr. Arkwright J. Lewis, Whip

The Oakley Hounds off to the Meet

The Hunt is fortunate in having an excellent hon. secretary in Mr. R. Bucknall, whose tact and hard work has made him very popular. George Tongue, who came last May from the Essex Union, where he was huntsman, is a very good man in the kennels and in the field, and is altogether a hard-working, painstaking, nice-mannered servant. Mr. Arkwright, now in his seventh season, is hunting hounds entirely, though previously he hunted the bitch pack on two days in the week. As keen as mustard over the breeding of hounds, he is now setting his mind to producing a thoroughly good working hound. In this, I notice, he has been so far successful. Last season he accounted for forty-five brace of foxes, which is above the average for the Oakley. This season he will exceed this number, for he is showing great sport, and everything under his excellent management is going strong. A bold, fine rider, a great knowledge of hunting hounds, patient, quiet, yet always with them, he is one of our best amateur huntsmen to-day. Both Mr. and Mrs. Arkwright are most popular, and Mrs. Arkwright, who hunts regularly and is always well-mounted, looks remarkably well, and has a charming personality.

Rhymer, the best dog-hound of the pack, whose blood is much sought all over the country

The Oakley Dog Pack in Kennel

There are sixty couple of hounds in the Oakley kennels, of which twenty couple are dogs

The Literary Log

Rolled by Robert Ross

George Meredith

The late William Morris was once asked to draw up a list of the Best Hundred Books—a list that may be found with others no less diverting in a *Pall Mall Gazette* "Extra" for 1886. "I hope," the poet wrote in the margin of his catalogue, "I shall escape boycotting at the hands of my countrymen for leaving out Milton; but the union in his works of cold classicalism with Puritanism (the two things which I hate most in the world) repels me so that I *cannot* read him." Without the excuse of Morris, I must hope that I shall not be boycotted for confessing that I cannot read George Meredith. A great many people like what they do not understand. I only like, at least in literature, what I can understand. But I reverence those who *can* understand Meredith, and respect those who really enjoy his works. The obscurity and affectation of his style repel me. When I have mastered his points I am bewildered, in that he could not have said anything so obvious in straightforward language. No one loves the ornate more than I do; but I see no fun in hiding the obvious under an Asiatic style, and the prose of Meredith is always Asiatic, never Attic. For certain terms of thought, for poetic symbolism, the involved Asiatic style is a beautiful instrument. For delineating men and women of the nineteenth century Attic English prose is more suitable, or, if you have no style, the grotesque methods of the immortal Dickens appear to me far more inspiring. Meredith, it should be remembered, despised Dickens. Sometimes I think Meredith, conscious that he had no style at all, forged his "museum language" in order to dazzle his contemporaries. He certainly succeeded after a long time. I wonder what posterity will think.

"The Shaving of Shagpat"

Mr. James McKechnie has published a sort of *gloss* or explanation of *Meredith's Allegory: The Shaving of Shagpat* (Hodder and Stoughton: 3*s.* 6*d.* net). In this book Meredith's Asiatic style was cradled and weaned. George Eliot, on its appearance in 1856, hailed it as "a work of genius, and of poetical genius." Dante Gabriel Rossetti said it was the greatest work written in English since Shakespeare. Swinburne became dithyrambic on the subject of this "New Arabian Night." Stevenson was hardly less enthusiastic. For some reason or other later Meredithians have always shied at it. I know many of the faithful who confess that they are quite unable to see the point or the fascination of it. I see in it the faults which a friendly critic found in Meredith's late writings, "an unrestrained indulgence in epigram and a wanton exuberance of cryptic utterances." Mr. James McKechnie claims, though quite modestly, to have found the key to what he calls an "allegory." All true Meredithians must read his ingenious book. It is much easier reading than the "master's work," an unusual quality in any commentary. But I must say that an allegory that requires all that explanation is hardly worth inventing. And though Mr. McKechnie is a judicious and discriminating admirer, it is rather disconcerting to be told that "Meredith was too wise to affect secret wisdom; too *great* a thinker to care much for *systems* of thought." The italics are mine. Are we really to believe that the Dorking sage is greater than Aristotle or Plato, or Thomas Aquinas, who not merely affected secret wisdom, but imposed their systems on centuries, not merely on one neurotic generation.

"Forbidden Fruit"

We laugh often at the literature, particularly the evangelical literature, of our forefathers. Anyone who imagines that the prurient little books that darkened our childhood cease to be published had better obtain *Forbidden Fruit for Young Men*, by Lieut.-Colonel Seton Churchill (eighth edition. Nisbet: 1*s.* 6*d.*). The author in his preface says: "I leave mothers who are old enough to have sons growing into manhood to decide for themselves whether or not it would be an improper book for her to read." That an English officer should have written this is deplorable enough, but he may be assured that any clean-minded person of any age or sex can read his work without coming to any harm. Merriment is the only answer to some of the stuff in this book. The gem is the chapter entitled "Impure Pictures." Here we are treated to a quotation from an American writer, the Rev. G. J. Fleharty, whose opinions are endorsed by Colonel Seton Churchill: "Nude pictures should be banished from every household, if not by law, by the power of high-toned public opinion. Half-nude chromos are an insult to purity. Angels have no right to come even on errands of mercy in a nude condition. The tendency is pernicious. Painters and sculptors should array their subject in suitable drapery, be it the Angel Gabriel himself! Angels must don their garments while on earth." One Frederick Robertson is also called as a witness. "I thank God we have not the treasures of Italy or the Continent." If Robertson is an American, I fear his thanks are rather belated. If he is an Englishman few will join his thanksgiving. It is cheering to think that if we are losing all our works of art to America and Germany we can still boast of that smoking-room favourite, Colonel Seton Churchill. ROBERT ROSS.

The Home of the Cave-Dwellers

SCENES ON LITTLE-KNOWN MOUNT ELGON

The Sabeouts at the Door of their Cave Homes

AT the commencement of this year my wife and myself, after some months of excellent shooting, found ourselves on the border and of British and German East Africa. From here we decided to set out for Mount Elgon—the home of the almost unknown cave-dwellers.

This mountain, though the third biggest in East Africa, has hitherto received but scant attention from travellers, though it cannot be said to be lacking in interest.

After many monotonous marches, we eventually found ourselves encamped under the shadow of the mountain. Facing our tent was a steep escarpment, four or five hundred feet high, capped by a sheer wall of rock; beneath this rock we noticed a number of natives with goats and sheep. These we discovered were the cave-dwellers, "Sabeouts," or, as their neighbours call them, the Engabuni.

Entrance to the Cave of Ouros

A Veritable Forest of Giant Groundsel (Mr. Harley on right)

Before sunset that day we had examined many of these caves, and in every case they consisted of a narrow entrance, heavily barred against possible invaders, and within huge caverns stretching far into the rock, where lived the happy little cave-dwellers, together with their flocks. Most of these caves possessed a spring of water.

Two days later we were obliged to make our highest camp for lack of firewood, and on the morrow pushed on to the actual summit, 14,200 feet, passing through a veritable forest of giant groundsel.

Some 200 feet below the wall of rock which forms the summit on this side of Mount Elgon, we came on a mountain lake, whose existence hitherto has escaped notice. Owing to signs of distress among our porters we were compelled to descend next day to warmer climes.

GEOFFREY HARLEY.

The Mountain Lake near the Summit of Mount Elgon (14,200ft.), Discovered by the Author of this Article

Pantomimes for the Twentieth-Century Child

By GABRIELLE WODNIL

IN the recent Christmas Number of THE BYSTANDER, Mr. Lewis Baumer aptly illustrated the *blasé* conception of the twentieth-century child. Yet even twentieth-century children who consider games a "wretched bore" appreciate the musical *pot-pourri* which we call pantomime.

Our modern pantomimes depend to a great extent on the personal attractions of the principals, and the success of their various songs. In the olden times, pantomime-players wore masks and portrayed all emotions by "their hands." This was in the era of Nero, Nero the vain tyrant, who even caught stage fever so badly that he took principal part himself in a scenic pantomime with much pomp, and, doubtless, additional pressure upon the civic rates. We tremble to think what pantomime would mean if masks and dumb motion were the order of to-day.

It is mere heresy even to imagine a face as pretty as that which graced the frontispiece of our BYSTANDER Pantomime Supplement hidden as were the masked features of the mimes. Certainly a great part of the modern pantomime's success is due to the comeliness of the principal boys and girls. As for songs. Let me whisper a word in your ear. It is the *scena songs* which make pantomimes, not, as so many managers think, the pantomimes which make songs. Cinderellas, Jacks and their Beanstalks, Aladdins, Robinson Crusoes, and the rest (however extravagantly treated) are all thread-bare stories to which our twentieth-century child says, "H'm, I don't think," with a sceptical smile. To create a convincing series of pictures, the simplest, artistic, and most effective method is to adopt scenery and "feature" a chorus which carries out the story of the song.

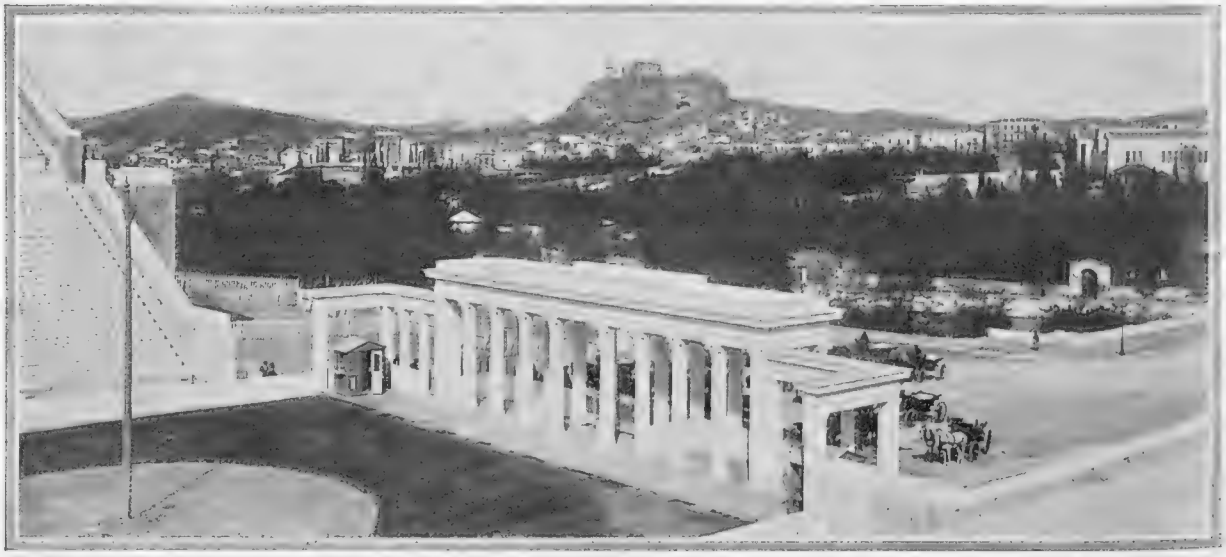
In Dublin, at the Gaiety, for instance, *Robinson Crusoe* has lost Polly in the snow. Of course, Polly (who stayed at home to put the kettle on) did not originally follow Crusoe, but for the sake of the pantomime picture she gets frozen in an iceberg *en route* to Lapland, an iceberg which dissolves like a rainbow when Crusoe appears with his reindeer sleigh. "Come with me to Lapland," sings Crusoe, and after several verses assuring her that "Lap is the nicest place on the map," Polly, for the *finale*, gets in the sleigh and goes.

In *Dick Whittington* (at the King's, Hammersmith), on "Highgate Hill" for her own amusement, Alice sings all about an Arcadian maiden who was unconsciously "snapshotted," though whether "Instantaneous Photography" (and the copyright penalty) were possible when Mayor Whittington ruled the city history does not define. At the Lyceum, *Cinderella* sighs most realistically about "The Old Wood Fire." Yet we are assured "she only ever sat amongst the cinders," and knew nothing relative to pine logs, coke, or coal.

The Princess in Drury Lane—but, no. On second thoughts such are the delights of dear old Drury that one and all will please judge for themselves. And when holiday-time comes to a close, and the twentieth-century children have seen most of the pretty principal whose pictures smiled the season's greetings in our Supplement of December 21, let us hope they will one and all think with their adults:

"*After all,* THE BYSTANDER *sent us to see some jolly fine shows.*"

Some of them may even confess in the hour of their enthusiasm that though pantomimes are mere piffle, the spectators forget what it is to be "bored."



Athens the Fair: The Stadium, with the Acropolis in the Background

Two days in Athens (the time allowed on one of the P. and O. pleasure cruises) will demand a long entry in the traveller's diary if the sum of his observations is to be recorded. His first attention will be directed, of course, to the Hill of the Acropolis and the Parthenon; but on every side he will find ancient monuments, the sense of whose splendour is intensified rather than impaired by decay or mutilation

Practice and the Preacher

Grandmamma *(to Marjorie, who has shirked the morning wash)*: "When I was a little girl I always washed my face"
Marjorie (*gazing at the wrinkles*): "Yes, grannie, and look at it now"

BY E. ROOS

GOLF

The Importance of the Amateur

Having briefly reviewed the position of various matters of moment in the golfing body politic, I must now turn to what is, after all, the main consideration in the game. As Hamlet says—"The play's the thing!" For, whatever may be thought as to this or that policy in some particular question, the point which really interests golfers, and which shows the true condition of the game, is the manner in which it is being played. Have we progressed, or have we gone back, or have we simply maintained the standard of last year? Let us take the amateurs first; for on them really and truly depends the health of the game. The unthinking world is apt to be misled on this point. The limelight of late years has been so focussed on the leading professionals and their doings that the crowd which rushes to various courses to see them play, and the Press which minutely reports not only their strokes but their appearance, their opinions, and their actions, make the world in general think that the hub of the golfing universe is only to be found in the professional territory. That this is a false and misleading idea does not require assertion among golfers. But it is as well now and again to put facts in their true light. The game, first and last, depends on the amateur. Without him and his support it cannot flourish or endure. Therefore, when we are considering the state of the game, the first question we have got to ask is, not how this or that great professional is playing, or what young and promising recruits are emerging from the professional junior ranks, but how stands the amateur? Is it well with him, or otherwise? Is he progressing or deteriorating? Is the galaxy of stars which has shone for the past twenty years showing the light to the younger constellations?

Mr. John Ball: Amateur Golf Champion

A fixed star of the first magnitude in the golfing firmament, and the Admirable Crichton of the game

The Great Man of the Year

Well, the old stars are still there, and one of them—whom we may almost call a fixed star of the first magnitude—has shone with undiminished radiance in the golfing firmament. To leave astronomical similes and come down to sober, everyday language, this year, like so many other years, must for the amateurs be called Mr. John Ball's year. That superb player's performance in the Amateur Championship this year is too fresh in our recollection to need any further encomiums. He has now scored a win in that event for every day in the week, and his powers and form show no signs of deterioration. Curiously enough, his methods are entirely *sui generis*. He has founded no school, and has had no imitators, except, possibly, as one of the earliest exponents of the open stance. But his method of gripping his club is peculiar to himself, and no other player to my knowledge imitates him in this respect. He has never, so far as I know, altered that method, and has only adopted the overlapping grip for his putting. He has been a living proof of the wisdom of sticking to the grip which, however peculiar, he has found most suitable to his game. But, though he may have founded no school of play—being, as it were, inimitable—yet how incalculable for good has been his personal influence on the game. He is indeed a veritable Admirable Crichton in this respect, and so long as the younger generation of amateurs looks up to him and follows the great example he has given them in his methods on the course, and in the ideal sportsmanship which animates his whole life, whether on or off the course, then all will be well with amateur golf. Our generation and the younger one which is pressing on its heels owe a deep debt of gratitude to this great player. I must risk offending his well-known modesty by what I have written. No fitter occasion could, in my estimation, present itself than the close of this year, which he has so splendidly adorned by his play. To him first, and to all the other players, I wish a most prosperous and successful New Year.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

FOOTBALL

"One Short"

The disablement of a player at a critical period of the 'Varsity Rugby match, to which I referred last week, emphasises the unsatisfactoriness of a match the result of which might, but for the accident, have been different. And it is a fact that the ordinary man, unversed in football ethics, is generally at a loss to understand why the laws of football do not provide either that a substitute may take the place of an injured man, or else that, if a player

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on one side is injured, a player from the other side shall be taken off, so as to make matters even. Both these suggestions seem reasonable enough on the face of them, and yet, as a matter of fact, there are weighty objections to both, and particularly to the first.

The Objection to Substitutes

In the first place, football in its early days was played more with a view to the enjoyment of the game than to the actual result. Each side tried its best, but neither minded losing so long as the game was a good one; and that spirit still survives even in these days of greater publicity, of newspaper criticism and reports, tabulation of wins and losses, and so forth. Then again, football was, and is, meant to engender hardihood. If a man knows that his side will be handicapped by his retirement he "sticks to it," even though hurt, if he possibly can. If, on the other hand, there is no actual necessity for him to keep going, he will be tempted to make even the slightest injury an excuse for going off. Football is a schoolboy game, and it would be a great pity if one of its principal objects —the teaching of pluck—were interfered with. If the principle of substitution were once admitted, endless complications would arise. Where, for instance, would you draw the line? If the supply of substitutes were allowed to be unlimited the victory would probably go, not to the actual best side, but to the side which could command the largest number of efficient reserves. If, on the other hand, it were limited, that would form a direct inducement to each side to try and exhaust the other side's supply of reserves by knocking men out at every available opportunity. It would, in fact, put a high premium on rough play, and make the referee's task of deciding between fair and foul doubly hard.

Essex v. Surrey: A Run by Surrey Checked in Time

Essex won this County Hockey match at Goodmayes somewhat unexpectedly by 3 goals to 2

And to Taking Men Off

For the suggestion that a man should be taken off from one side to make up for the disablement of a man on the other there is more to be said; but to this there are also objections. In the first place, if A, on one side, retires hurt, and B, on the other, has to retire too, B is entitled to say, "Look here! I want to play—not to look on!" He experiences the same annoyance as a keen soldier who is ordered out of action in a sham fight; and perhaps, if he is a busy man, he only gets one afternoon off each week. To the average man, football, with the chance of being ordered off at any moment, would not be good enough. But, apart from this, it would be very difficult to adjust the taking-off business properly. If, on the occurrence of an accident on one side, the captain of the other were only obliged to take off a man—any man—he would naturally take off the man whom he considered to be his weakest man, which (apart from its invidiousness) would not really restore the balance if the injured man on the other side happened to be their best man. If, on the other hand, it were ordained that the man in the corresponding position to the injured man should go off, then, if A were the shining light of his side —a Stoop, let us say, or a Poulton—it would obviously be the duty of B, in the corresponding position on the other side, to get himself injured in order to put A out of action. Of course, we all know that in lacrosse a man is taken off from one side when a man has to go off from the other; but in lacrosse this is an *absolute necessity* owing to the way in which the game is played, and even in lacrosse it is regarded at best as a necessary evil. But if you invite the footballer to take a leaf out of the lacrosse-player's book, he will simply look at you pityingly, and say, "It can't be done!" My aim has been to explain, to some extent, what is to him a self-evident proposition.

Church v. Stage: The Rival Captains Tossing for Choice of Ends

This annual match was won by the Church by 5 goals to *nil*. The Parsons were captained by the Rev. H. V. Farnfield (*left*), and the play-actors by C. Aubrey Smith, each of whom did great work for his side

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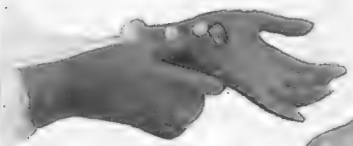

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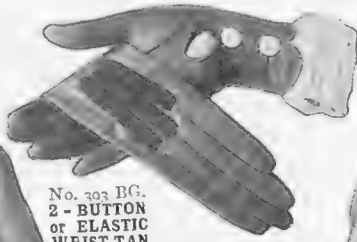

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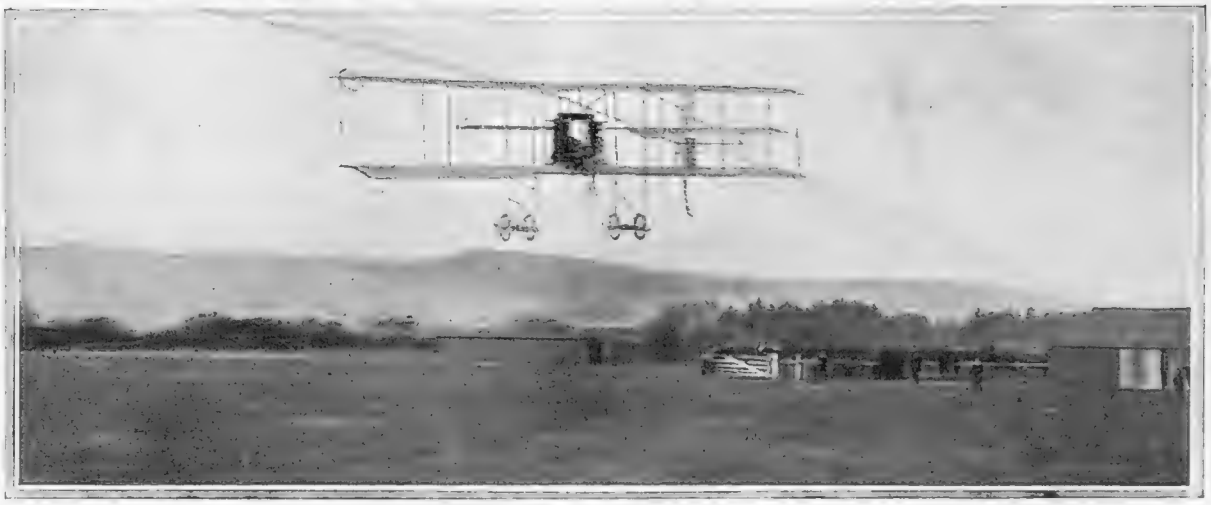

For the Baron de Forest Prize

Lieut. Watkins in full practice flight at Shorncliffe. The prize is of £4,000 for the longest journey from England to the Continent made by an all-British aeroplane and engine, and the contest closes on the 31st inst.

The Rout of the Expert

And so the motor Dreadnought *is* about to happen, despite the experts who raged most furiously together last August. Then (*vide* the expert) it was no more than a dog-day story designed to fill the space usually occupied by the sea-serpent, or a discussion (with scintillations) upon how to live on 25*s.* a week. Naturally, they who held a motor battleship to be well within the range of reasonable expectation were desperately stupid fellows, who were better employed in digging for potatoes than writing upon matters which experts alone could handle. I remember how, in these columns, I ventured between the wind and the nobility of the expert myself, and although the evidence of what the Diesel engine was, and could do, was there for all men to see, the scorn of the "intellectuals" was nobly withering. However, if the information of the *Motor Boat* is true (and so far it is quite unconfirmed), a battleship of the Dreadnought type will shortly have three mammoth marine engines, each of 12,000 h.-p., installed, from which it is expected a speed of twenty-one knots will be secured. The engines are of the two-stroke Diesel variety, each of eight cylinders (actually two fours in tandem), burning crude oil. Fuel and air-starting valves (starting and reversing are performed on compressed air) are in the cylinder heads, and scavenging is effected through annular chambers half way down the cylinders. Pistons and valves are water-cooled. A second Diesel engine of 1,000 h.-p. works the high-pressure pumps of the separate compressors.

A Motor Marine

Nor are we alone in our design to fit out fighting craft with internal combustion engines. France and Germany are at the same game. As I remarked here last August, the advantages of greater space below and freedom from deck hamper above, making an opportunity for the more effective use of a greater number of guns of higher average calibre than is at present possible, are obvious. They cannot be neglected by any naval Power, particularly when another is experimenting. The experiment might be successful; and in that case the Government which had adopted fabian tactics and waited to see what would happen might find itself and the nation it was supposed to be representative of in a most uncomfortable corner. It is a pity, of course, that these things should be so, but we have to deal with what is, not with what might be. The test of the efficiency of this new form of power-plant may prove expensive enough in money and perhaps in life (pray we that it be otherwise), but the experiment had to be made, and I, at any rate, see no insuperable difficulty in the way of success. That demonstrated, we have a new factor in marine transport of all kinds, a factor that may presently play an important part not only in commercial development, but in bringing nations through closer intimacy to universal amity. A dream if you will, but a dream that is not to be dispelled by the probability that, first of all, the motor-ship comes not to bring peace, but a sword. But put the development at its lowest, and we still have left to us a likely contribution of greatest importance to industrial progress. To dominion by land and sky has that explosion engine which Daimler first attached to a bicycle (amid a somewhat derisive chorus) come; and now it looks as if it may shortly rule the sea. Truly a wonderful growth.

The Monaco Meeting

While we are in the atmosphere, a reference to the exhibition of motor-boats and the trials and races to follow—the eighth of the series organised by the International Sporting Club of Monaco—is in order. This always interesting and, by the motor-mariner, much-anticipated meeting, is fixed to commence on April 2 next, and to run for a fortnight—at Monaco, of course. The rules and conditions just to hand show that the races are again reserved for boats which have been exhibited at the preliminary show, entries to which at single fees (100 francs per boat) close on February 28. There is no entrance fee for the races *per se*. The tentatively arranged

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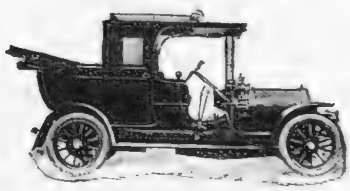

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programme is a fine document. It includes the Prix de l'International Sporting Club Race of fifty kilometres for cruisers; the Prix de Monaco, same distance, for racers; the Prix du Tir Aux Pigeons; the Prix de la Mediterranée; the Prix de la Côte d'Azur; and the Prix de la Riviera, all of fifty kilometres, and all for cruisers. The great 100 kilometre race for the Coupe des Nations; the 200 kilometre race for the Championship of the Sea; the marine mile and the flying kilometre race for the Prince of Monaco Cup, and—others. Clearly the Sporting Club of Monaco is to give us the opportunity for royal sport, and I am sure the chance will not go begging.

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Itala cars, of international fame, have been granted the Grand Prix and Gold Medal at the Buenos Aires International Exhibition, and also a Gold Medal by the Buenos Aires Chamber of Commerce and Art. These visible evidences of appreciation constitute yet another triumph for Itala cars, which will always be remembered as the winners of the great Pekin to Paris race.

At a meeting of the directors of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., which was held at the registered offices of the Company at Derby on Friday December 16, it was resolved to recommend to the next annual general meeting of members the payment of a dividend of 15 per cent. on the amount for the time being paid up on the preferred ordinary shares in respect of the year ended October 31 last. The directors' report and balance sheet for the same period will probably be issued in January.

L'Auto has now published the conditions of the road race which it is organising for next June or thereabouts. Competing cars must be at least 1,763lb. in weight, but cylinder capacity must not exceed three litres, nor must the stroke relation to bore be less than one to one or more than two to one. Four cars per entrant is the maximum. Entries close on March 31 at single fees and May 31 at double fees. This race, plus the Grand Prix de France and the highly popular Coupe des Voiturettes, make up an excellent French sporting programme for 1911. Now, cannot we do something definite about that 3-Inch Race previously referred to herein? Failing the trade, why will not the A.A. organise a contest for amateurs? I imagine it would be immensely popular.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE

Concerning Seaforth

Lady Conyngham, breeder of that brilliant colt, Seaforth, has recently explained why she did not enter him for the Derby. It appears that at the time of the closing of entries the youngster badly injured himself as the natural result of trying to jump a six-foot fence on to a hard road. Seaforth's future was despaired of, and so his owner thought it would be merely waste of time and money to give him a Derby chance. One can easily understand the circumstances of this case, and sympathy will be extended to this keen sportswoman, for she may never again be so near to breeding a Derby winner. It is probable, however, that Seaforth will win the Two Thousand Guineas, and he is also in the St. Leger.

Lady Meux

The only lady, by the way, who has accomplished the feat of breeding a Derby winner was Lady Meux, who passed away last week. She bred Volodyovski, who would have gratified poor Lord "Bill" Beresford's ambition—he always longed to lead in a Derby winner—had that very gallant and popular sportsman lived. But that was not to be, and it was in the late Mr. Whitney's colours that "Vloddy" won the Derby. Is it not a curious coincidence that the horse has survived his two owners and his breeder? I remember the pleasure which Lady Meux once took in showing me round her well-appointed stud farm at her beautiful home, Theobald's Park. She was very proud of her thoroughbreds, and in particular fairly idolised Volodyovski.

King George and the Derby

In discussing the coming Derby last week, the writer of the racing notes in a widely read daily contemporary said: "What about the King's candidate, the Meadow Chat colt; won't he attract the public? It's Coronation year coming, and the wish must be father to the thought with tens of thousands that a Derby victory for King George would serve as a fitting prelude to the splendours to follow." This would be all very well if the Meadow Chat colt were qualified to run, but he isn't. And King George's colours will not be seen in the Derby next year.

Selections

As for the present week's racing, I am writing these notes on December 21, and it is rather difficult to make selections so long in advance. At Newbury **Police Trap** may win the Reading Steeplechase on Thursday, and **Cross Question** the Berks Hurdle Race on the following day. At Hurst Park **Rory O'Moore** may secure the Park Steeplechase on Friday, and **Holy War** the Suffolk Flat Race, while **St. Swithin II.** is my selection for the Surrey Hurdle Race on the second day.

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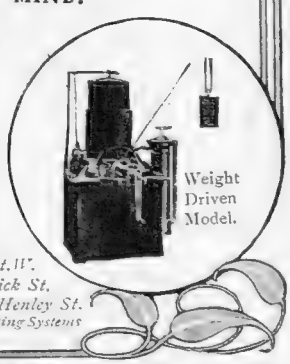

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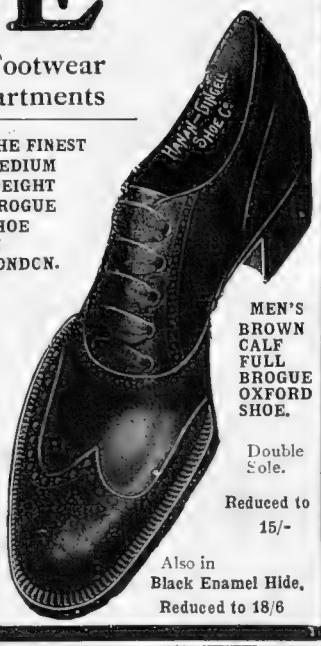

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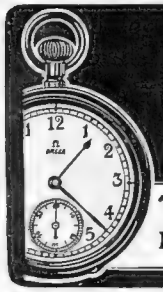

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THE BROAD PAVED TERRACE AND LOGGIA

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DELIGHTFUL OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE.
STABLING. FARMERY. LODGE. ABOUT 15 ACRES.

A MODERATE-PRICED PROPERTY.—This compact and attractive property is in a favourite and specially good sporting and social part of the country, and the House contains: 8 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, hall, billiard room, etc.; the gardens and grounds are very beautiful, and one of the lawns slopes to a moat and other ornamental water; the enclosures of meadow-land are rich in quality.—Strongly recommended by WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, an exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds of about 2 acres, and containing: 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; S.E. aspect with UNRIVALLED VIEWS; charmingly terraced grounds, with lawn, bowling green, etc.; golf links 3 miles distant; yachting, fishing, hunting, shooting. Rent, only £100 per annum.—Apply, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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By MRS. JACK MAY

THERE is small need for me to point out at this hour the yearly growing popularity of Swiss resorts. In many households, indeed, the idea has become a veritable obsession, and emerging from such an environment recently, it occurred to me to pass on to the readers of THE BYSTANDER such valuable crumbs as had fallen to me respecting the requisite outfit. One is very apt to go blind at a new venture, and trust to mere scraps of information and the zeal of enterprising shop-folk who know as much about ski-ing and the science of tobogganing as a cat does of the constituents of cream.

At the same time, let me be quite fair and exempt from this criticism one or two of the leading establishments—I think, to be quite correct, there are two—who really do know what is not merely correct, but practical for the various pursuits, and are authorities to be relied upon for head-gear and foot-gear. But, of course, it is the aim of these establishments, and shame be it to them if it were not, to sell as many specialised goods as possible, whereas the modest object I have in view is to demonstrate how a visit may be paid to Adelboden, Davos, Grindelbaden, etc., without any serious strain on the exchequer.

Brief Survey of a Swiss Outfit

By way of being definite, let us take the case of a girl who is just moderately well endowed. Initially she must bear in mind that overweight of luggage on Swiss railways adds materially to the travelling expenses. Two suits of workaday character should be provided, the one comprising a knitted golf jersey and heavy tweed or frieze skirt and knickers, accompanied by one of the smart woollen hoods, lined with some contrasting colour. White, of course, for the young and fair is the ideal *ensemble*, but that is admittedly an extravagance, although in the clear, bright atmosphere a white get-up will survive an incredible amount of strenuous service. Heather mixtures are always safe, and the predominant note of colour can be emphasised in the silken hood lining, while waterproof covert coating is admirable for an all-round useful skirt.

A Workmanlike Costume for Switzerland

Consisting of a very heavy and short skirt and woollen sweater, a band of strong elastic being employed to shorten the skirt up to the knees if necessary

(SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR)

The other hardy costume is for rougher weather and longer expeditions, and usually consists of a very heavy, very short skirt and woollen sweater, a band of strong elastic being supplied to shorten the skirt up to the knees, if that is rendered necessary. And it is this workmanlike attire which Mrs. Dorothy Millar has selected as the subject of her sketch.

The sweater depicted pulls over the head and buttons on one shoulder, the curtailed skirt of frieze revealing puttees and the correct ski-ing boots. Out of a wealth of choice preference has been accorded a jelly-bag hood, that lends itself to a variety of different adjustments, and is as cosy and practical as it is becoming. For the rapid motion of ski-ing and tobogganing

these hoods are always preferable to knitted caps, although the latter are more generally selected for the rink. In fact, there is a club cap of blanket wool convertible into different shapes and styles.

For Occasions Other Than Sports

A purple scheme of colouring is particularly striking, as is a vivid emerald-green, while navy-blue always looks well, merely relieved by some sharp contrast introduced in the lining of the hood. The coquettish value of the latter is immeasurable. For Sunday wear nothing more *habillée* is required than the tweed or homespun suit in which the journey has more than probably been made. And this also, on occasion, could be worn on the rinks.

Five, or at the most six, smart shirts suffice for the customary three weeks or a month, supplemented with some stocks and lace *jabots*, the latter, again, for Sunday use. Nor is there any call whatever to augment one's luggage with hats, the one used for travelling merely putting in an appearance at church, and proving all correct.

Girl's Dainty Ivory Net Frock

Over foundation of ivory glacé silk, trimmed dainty tambour *galon*, collar of tucked net and *motifs*. Finished with a good beading threaded sky-blue or pink satin ribbon. Price, to fit girl of eight years, 45*s.* 6*d.*, rising 2*s.* each size larger, at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street

Respecting footgear, there will be required one pair of strong boots, with nails for walking, a pair of ordinary skating boots, and two pairs of puttees, and for going down to the rinks a pair of snow-shoes for slipping on over ordinary shoes, it being customary to keep the skates permanently attached to one's boots. These snow-shoes also come in for evening wear, when visits are made to other hotels for dances, an amusement that is kept up with unflagging enthusiasm throughout the season.

For the hands there is nothing to surpass the long woollen gauntlet gloves, and two pairs should suffice, while for various unforeseen contingencies a woollen spencer is a trifle that, if omitted, would be seriously missed.

The Social Side of the Subject

Quite the most serious part of the *trousseau* has to do with evening dress. At the very least two *demi*-toilettes will be needed, but one of these might be made convertible in these days of separate tunics and ingenious *guimpes*; in which case three full evening dresses might meet the case. Evening wraps, however, are conspicuous by their absence, everyone wearing the ubiquitous fur-lined travelling coats.

The exchange of evening sociabilities is one of the most enjoyable features, the long evenings necessitating a range of entertainments, which invariably include one or two impromptu fancy dress dances—contingencies that may be met by a few extraneous items in the shape of flowers and feathers and some odds and ends of muslin and ribbon. Although, as goes without saying, the individual can alone decide such a very catholic matter. And that, I think, about covers the ground in a general way; anyway, it spells out a text that may be elaborated as desire and circumstances dictate.

Messrs. D. H. Evans, Oxford Street

No matter the subject, one finds always the same quality of go-ahead intelligence at this great Oxford Street emporium. Quite within recent days the firm have appreciably augmented their boys' outfitting and clothing department. Equal attention is accorded tiny boys' first suits and the dress suit for youths of sixteen years, all the ground intervening between these two phases being filled with a selection that may justly be described as exhaustive. As time and space are alike at a premium, it must suffice for us to consider the "Neville" model, an ideal party suit and obtainable in a variety of materials. In velveteen the cost is 21*s.*, which does not, of course, include the silk shirt, and which is a necessarily component part of the scheme, the commencing price of that standing at 7*s.* 6*d.*, while for more *distingué* wear a silk or satin expression is provided with fancy cut-steel buttons, to enhance the courtly favour, 27*s.* 6*d.* being the first sum asked. And it is of importance to add, in view of the Christmas festivities, that Messrs. D. H. Evans keep a full range of the "Neville" ready to be stepped into.

Another Pretty Girl's Frock

In sky-blue Oriental satin, hand embroidered around yoke in blue and white silk; lace yoke. Price, to fit girl of six years, 28*s.* 11*d.*, rising about 2*s.* 6*d* each size larger, at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street

Similarly with little girls' party frocks, two examples whereof are illustrated. Always one of the prettiest and safest vogues is the dainty little frock of ivory net and lace, tastefully finished with a threaded satin ribbon, and the one offered by Messrs. D. H. Evans at 45*s.* 9*d.* may be regarded as something in the light of a bargain, since that includes a foundation of good quality *glacé* silk.

Quite admirable taste, again, is portrayed in the artistic *djibah* type of frock, arranged in delicately toned satin hand-embroidered with silk in tone round

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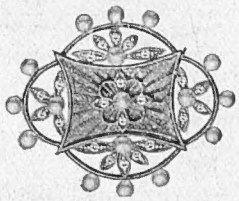
the *décolletage*, which is filled in with a clear lace *guimpe*. And there are a very host of others, right up to the young miss of thirteen to fourteen years of age.

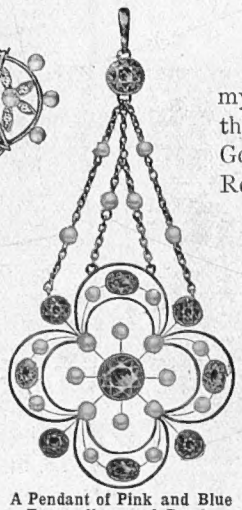
The Winter Sale at Peter Robinson's, Regent Street, W.

The opening day of this always eagerly looked for event is Monday, January 2. The firm have already issued their customary well-illustrated catalogue, a brochure it will be wise to peruse as a preliminary, the stock offered being of such a vast character it is quite easy to miss the titbits of the bargains.



A Brooch of fine quality Pearls and Diamonds, set in Platinum

Evening gowns, it will be noted, are a great speciality, and there are some quite incredible bargains in *chic* velveteen visiting and walking costumes. All the millinery will be cleared at drastic reductions, and to the surplus fur stock there is meted out a like treatment. And at this Regent Street house the furs are all of sound, reliable quality. The sale will continue throughout the month of January.



A Pendant of Pink and Blue Tourmalines and Pearls

At the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., 112, Regent Street, W.

Messrs. John Barker, Kensington

Exceptional preparations are in progress here for the starting of the sale of January 2, 1911. From those in authority it has been gathered that the reductions have to be more than usually drastic to ensure a complete clearance of a rather heavier surplus stock than usual, consequent on the disturbing influence of the elections and the somewhat unsatisfactory late autumn social conditions. So we look to enjoy some bargain field-days at Messrs. John Barker's. Next week fuller particulars will be given in these columns.

Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company

For presents and novelties of wide choice, my readers would be well advised to consult the daintily got-up illustrated catalogue of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W. Herein will be found illustrated a selection of small articles from the Company's stocks. Particularly attractive are the three articles illustrated on this page. In the centre we have a pendant of fine quality pink and blue tourmalines and pearls, moderately priced at £5 10*s*. The other pendant depicted consists of fine quality pearls and enamel in fine gold, the price is £4. The brooch is of fine quality pearls and diamonds set in platinum, and is offered at six guineas. The catalogue will be forwarded to all applicants.

A Pendant of Pearls and Enamel in fine Gold

The Menu: WINTER VEGETABLES

Brussels Sprouts à la Parisienne
Cabbage à la Flamande
Haricot Beans à la Maître d'Hôtel
Endive Stewed with Cream
Celeri à la Duchesse

Brussels Sprouts à la Parisienne

Trim and boil about 1½lb. of sprouts in two quarts of water with some salt; when done, strain them and chop very fine. Then put an onion in a stewpan, cut in slices, with 2oz. of butter, a sprig of parsley, and 1oz. of raw ham. Stir them ten minutes over the fire, then add the chopped sprouts and half a teaspoonful of flour; mix all well together, and add half a pint of white stock and half a pint of milk. Stir until it boils, then add a teaspoonful of castor sugar; season with white pepper and salt, and serve with fried sippets.

Cabbage à la Flamande

Cut a large cabbage into quarters, parboil, and then place it in cold water, squeeze it dry, take out the heart, and tie it round; then stew it with ½oz. of butter, half a pint of good stock, three or four medium-sized onions, a bouquet garni, salt and pepper to taste. When nearly cooked, put in a gill of vinegar, and when it is sufficiently cooked take a crust of bread about 4in. in diameter, fry it in butter, and put it in the bottom of a dish, upon which place the cabbage and some fried sausages; skim the sauce, add a little thickening, and pour it over the whole.

Haricot Beans à la Maître d'Hôtel

Soak a quart of haricot beans in cold water over-night, then boil them in salt and water till tender; drain well, and put them into a stewpan with 3oz. of butter mixed with a teaspoonful of chopped chives, a sprig of parsley minced fine, with salt and pepper to taste. Shake the pan well over the fire, and when hot and all well mixed together, squeeze in the juice of half a lemon and serve.

Endive Stewed with Cream

Wash four heads of endive thoroughly, pluck off the outer green leaves, put them into a stewpan of boiling salt and water, and boil them quickly until tender; then drain and squeeze them dry, cut off the roots, and chop them very fine. Rub them through a wire sieve into a stewpan, add 1oz. of butter and a little salt; stir it over a slow fire for a few minutes; then mix in two dessertspoonfuls of white sauce, a tablespoonful of cream, and a teaspoonful of castor sugar. Stir over the fire till thick, pile up in a dish, and garnish with fried sippets.

Celeri à la Duchesse

Cook some celery slowly in equal parts of milk and water, seasoned with salt and pepper; when cooked, lift out, cut it up, and place a layer of it in a fireproof dish, seasoning with salt and pepper, and moistening with some béchamel or any good white sauce, and continue these layers until the dish is full, taking care to raise it up in the centre; strew it rather thickly with grated Parmesan cheese, moisten it with some oiled butter, and put it into the oven for ten minutes, to colour nicely. EMILIA.

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to match, with hanging Skins.
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to match.
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Handsome WRAPS.
Kolinski Sable, specially selected Skins, trimmed Heads and Tails, 2¾ yards in length.
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In Kolinski Sable, composed of 6 beautiful Dark Skins.
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to match.
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The Editor's Box

Royal Appointments

The following have been honoured with Royal warrants of appointment to His Majesty King George V.: The United Kingdom Tea Company, as tea merchants; Messrs. John Knight, Ltd., who were soapmakers to his late Majesty King Edward VII.; Messrs. Howard and Sons, of Berners Street, W., as upholsterers; the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W., as jewellers and silversmiths, and who held warrants of appointment to her late Majesty Queen Victoria and his late Majesty King Edward VII.; Messrs. J. and J. Coleman, Ltd., as purveyors of starch and mustard; Messrs. Huntley and Palmers, of Reading, who enjoyed the distinction of special appointment to her late Majesty Queen Victoria and his late Majesty King Edward VII.; Ronuk, Ltd., as sanitary polish manufacturers; Messrs. James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., as Scotch whiskey distillers; the Vinolia Company, Ltd., soap manufacturers to his late Majesty King Edward VII., as soap manufacturers; and Lever Brothers, Ltd., soapmakers to their late Majesties Queen Victoria and King Edward VII., as soapmakers.

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Dr. Barnardo's Homes have been instrumental in rescuing 72,590 destitute and forlorn little ones and training them for the battle of life. Their family is the largest in the world, numbering 9,044 boys and girls. An attractive little album has just reached us, entitled "Something Attempted: Something Done," and shows the work they are doing—rescuing the raw material, "Nobody's Children," and moulding and shaping them morally and physically, and turning them into self-reliant, self-respecting good citizens and Empire-builders.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes: The Order of the Bath at Babies' Castle

Their Majesties the King, the Queen, and Queen Alexandra are patrons, and our late King, Edward VII., said "These National Institutions are carrying out a work dear to all who wish well to their country." Gifts of all kinds—money, clothing, blankets, toys, etc., etc.—will be specially welcomed at this Christmas season by the honorary director, Mr. William Baker, LL.B., at headquarters, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

An Appeal

The Committee of the National Refuges and *Arethusa* and *Chichester* training ships (of which Society their Majesties the King and Queen have recently become patrons) earnestly appeal for help to maintain the 1,170 children in the ten homes and two training ships belonging to the Institution. During the past sixty-seven years nearly 20,000 destitute boys and girls have been trained for useful service. No votes are needed. Prompt admission is granted to poor children from all parts of the United Kingdom. Gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by the Joint Secretaries, Mr. H. Bristow Wallen and Mr. Henry G. Copeland. London offices: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C. Bankers: London County and Westminster Bank, Ltd., 214, High Holborn.

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